

CURTIS

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No.2
JULY
75¢



THE UNHOLY HORRORS OF HELL UNFURLED!

THE HAUNT OF HORROR

TM

SPECIAL ISSUE ON
SATANISM

Introducing:

The Man Called Gabriel

DEVIL-
HUNTER

BONUS FEATURE ON
THE MOST TERRIFYING
FILM OF ALL TIME:

THE
"EXORCIST"
TAPES



Also, Lurking Within These Covers: SATANA, DAUGHTER OF HELL

THE HAUNT OF HORROR



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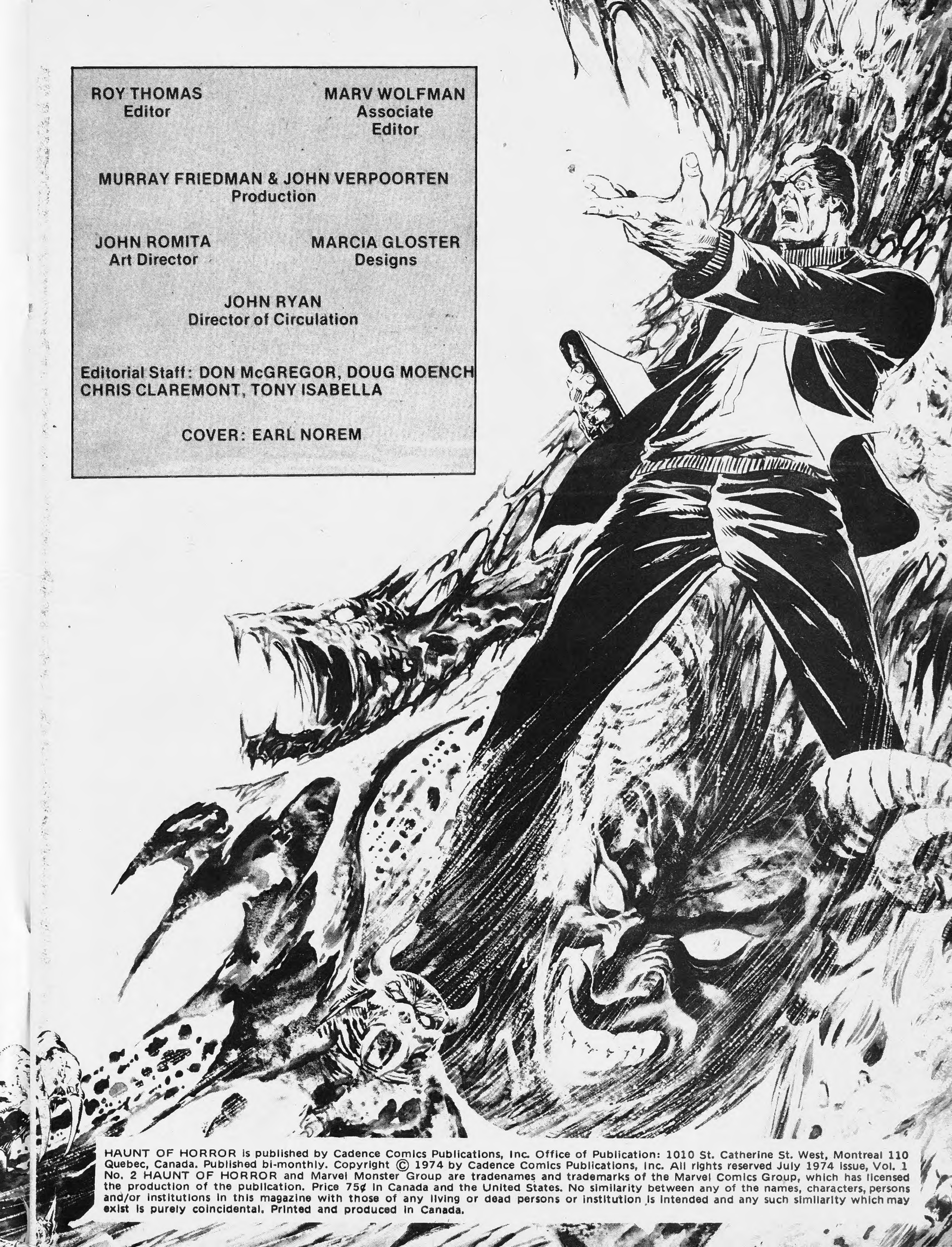
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DAWN, JUNE 13, 1974:
TWO PRIESTS HAVE JUST
CONCLUDED THEIR MORNING
WALK AT THE FRONT STEPS OF
ST. BENEDICT'S CATHEDRAL
IN MANHATTAN. THEY MOUNT
THE STEPS NOW TO
PREPARE THE CHURCH
FOR MORNING VESPERS...

WERE YOU **OUT**
LAST NIGHT, FATHER
ARTEMIS?

OUT?

YES...VISITING ONE
OF OUR TROUBLED
PARISHIONERS...?

I...I...
WASN'T..?

YOU WERE
NOT IN YOUR
ROOM!

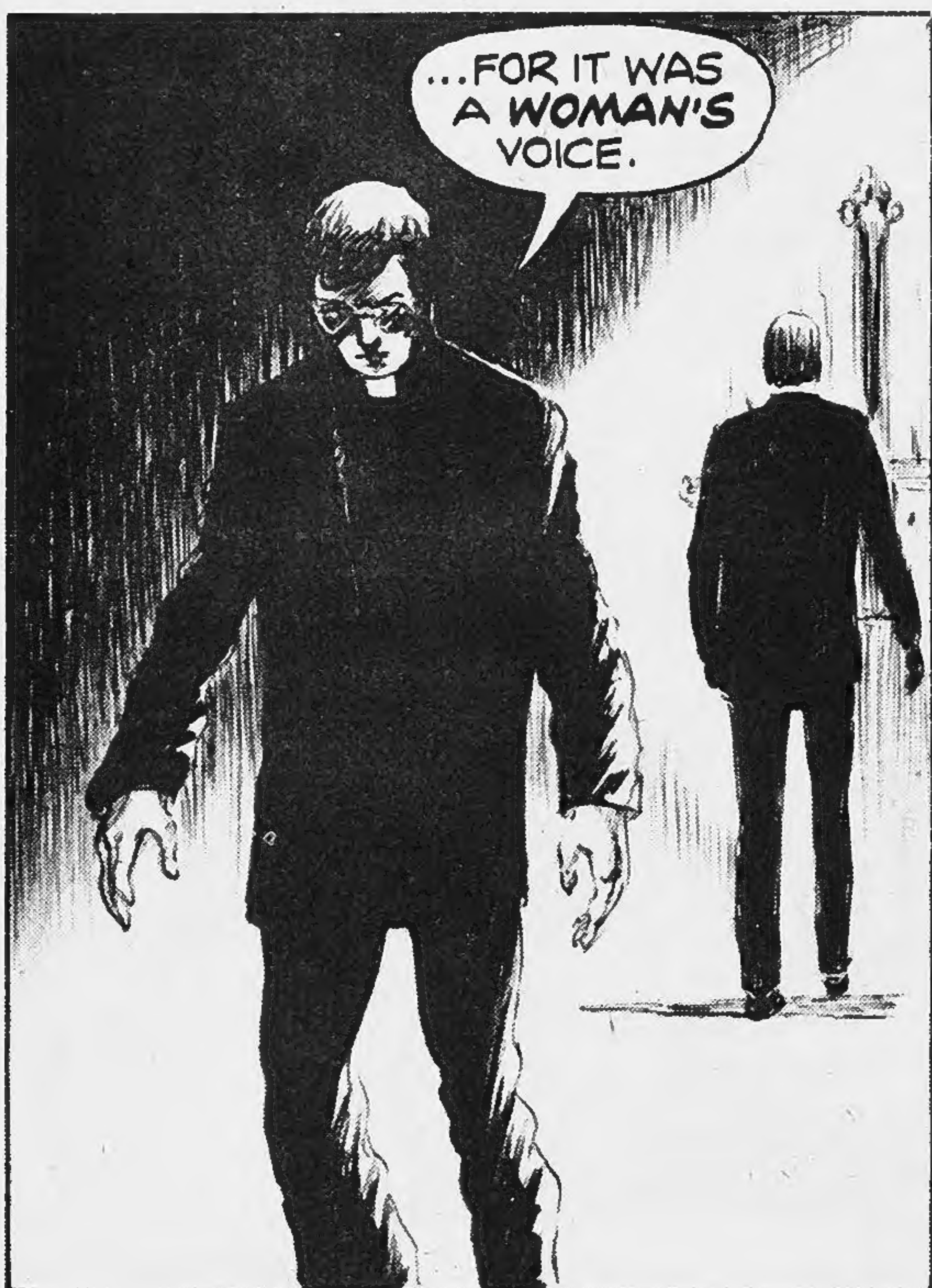
I...CAN'T
REMEMBER...

VESPERS SHALL NOT BE
PRONOUNCED THIS MORNING.

DEVIL HUNTER

DEAR **GOD**--
FORGIVE THE DESECRATORS
OF YOUR HOUSE!

DOUG MOENCH/Writer BILLY GRAHAM/Artist





...BUT HE NEEDS MORE THAN A MERE **PHYSICIAN**. SURELY, IN VIEW OF THIS DISPLAY, HE WILL REQUIRE THE SERVICES OF A **PSYCHIATRIST**...

NO, FATHER...IT IS NOT HIS **MIND** WHICH IS AFFLICTED...



GOD **HELP** HIM, IT IS HIS **SOUL**.



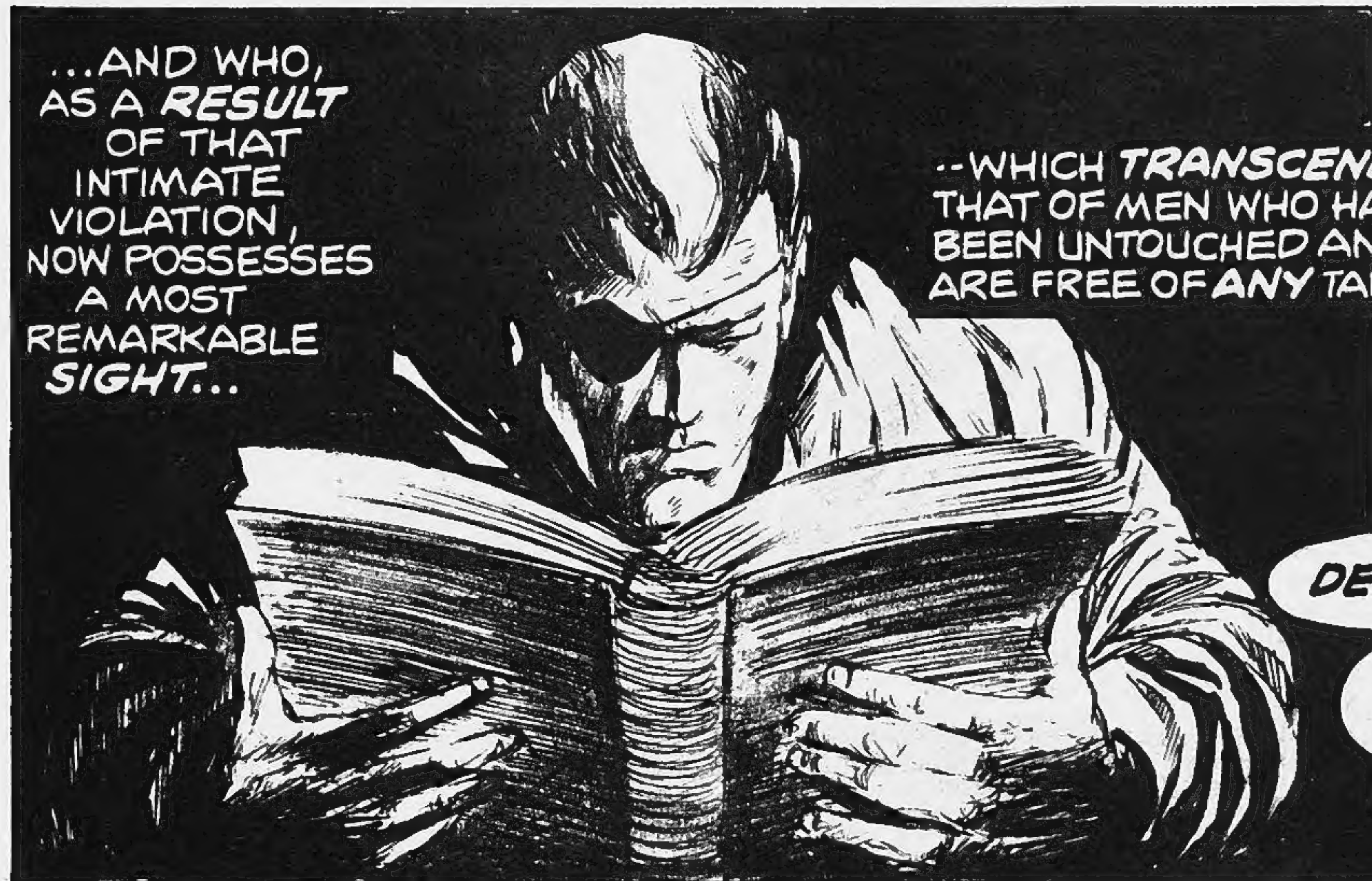
MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1974: DUST AND SILENCE PERVADE THE CLUTTERED OFFICE OF A **SCHOLAR**...



...A MAN WHOSE **SOUL** HAS BEEN **RAPED**...



...AND WHO, AS A **RESULT** OF THAT INTIMATE VIOLATION, NOW POSSESSES A MOST REMARKABLE **SIGHT**...



--WHICH **TRANSCENDS** THAT OF MEN WHO HAVE BEEN UNTOUCHED AND ARE FREE OF ANY TAINT...

DESADIA--!

COME **HERE**.





YES, GABRIEL.

MORE COFFEE.



YES, GABRIEL.

I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN IT WAS
NOTHING URGENT.

BY THE WAY,
YOU'LL BE HAVING A
VISITOR SOON.

HOW DO
YOU **KNOW**?



I KNOW.

THEN BRING
TWO COFFEES.



A BUILDING RECOGNIZED
THE WORLD OVER--



--RECEIVES A VISITOR WHO HAS NEVER
LEFT **NEW YORK**...AND WHO, FOR THE
PAST EIGHTEEN YEARS, HAS SEEN
LITTLE BEYOND THE FOUR WALLS OF
SAINT BENEDICT'S CATHEDRAL...

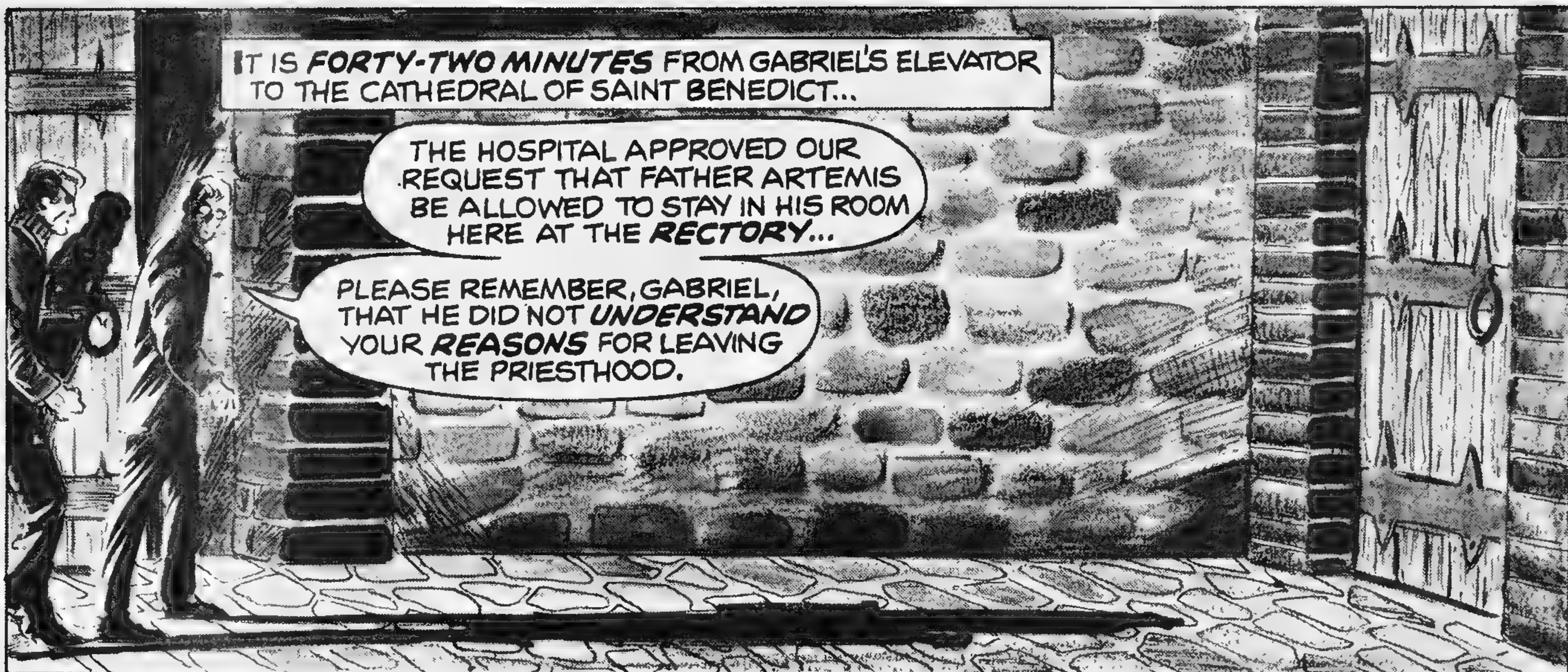


--IT IS
HERE.









IT IS **FORTY-TWO MINUTES** FROM GABRIEL'S ELEVATOR TO THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT BENEDICT...

THE HOSPITAL APPROVED OUR REQUEST THAT FATHER ARTEMIS BE ALLOWED TO STAY IN HIS ROOM HERE AT THE **RECTORY**...

PLEASE REMEMBER, GABRIEL, THAT HE DID NOT **UNDERSTAND** YOUR **REASONS** FOR LEAVING THE PRIESTHOOD.

I WILL, AT LEAST, TRY TO **FORGET** THAT HE DID NOT **TRY** TO UNDERSTAND.

NOW, FATHER LAZAR, I MUST ENTER THE ROOM **ALONE**...AND **REMAIN** ALONE WITH HIM, **REGARDLESS** OF WHAT YOU MAY **OVERHEAR**.



YOU. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU'VE **LEFT** THE CLOTH--WHAT DO YOU WANT IN A CHURCH?

NOTHING, IF YOU HAVEN'T... **CHANGED**.

CHANGED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY--

--OF **COURSE** I'VE CHANGED, DARLING GABRIEL.

COME GIVE ME A **KISS**.

YOUR VOICE IS AS SWEET AS **EVER**, CATHERINE. AND YOU'VE LEARNED **NOTHING** FROM THE **LAST TIME**...

LAST TIME? DON'T **FLATTER** YOURSELF, SWEETIE. YOU THINK JUST BECAUSE I POSSESSED YOU, IT **ENDED** THERE?

OH NO...THERE'VE BEEN MANY OTHERS IN BETWEEN.

GOOD FOR YOU, CATHERINE. AND WHERE HAS IT **GOTTEN** YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU **ACCOMPLISHED**? WRECKED A FEW **CHURCHES**? BROKEN A FEW FOOLS' **LEGS** AND **ARMS**, LIKE OUR PITIFUL **FATHER ARTEMIS** HERE...?

DON'T **TAUNT** ME, GABRIEL! YOU WON'T MAKE ME LEAVE **THIS** BODY.

COME, COME, CATHERINE--I KNOW HOW YOU HATE THE WORD **EXORCISM**. SO FAR BE IT FROM ME TO MENTION THE WORD **EXORCISM**.

BESIDES, WHAT USE HAVE I FOR **EXORCISM**?

STOP IT!
STOP IT!

STOP WHAT? THE **EXORCISM**? WHY, I HAVEN'T EVEN **BEGUN** IT...YET.

I **HATE** YOU, GABRIEL! HATE YOU MORE THAN THE ONES WHO **BURNED** ME!

AH, YES...THE NASTY ONES WHO BURNED YOU AT THE STAKE FOR BEING A **WITCH**...AND WHO'VE CONDEMNED YOUR SOUL TO THREE CENTURIES OF **RESTLESSNESS**. I'VE **HEARD** THE STORY **BEFORE**, CATHERINE.

SHUT UP, GABRIEL, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE **ONE EYE**--**DAMN** YOU!

NO, MY DEAR--**DAMN** YOU. YOU **DESERVE** IT...FOR DAMNING SO MANY **OTHERS**.

I WON'T **LISTEN** TO YOU! YOU'RE **NOTHING**! I'LL JUST WAIT IN THIS BODY UNTIL ITS **LEGS HEAL**--AND THEN I'LL SEND IT RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW TO ITS **DEATH**!

AND THEN I'LL FIND **ANOTHER** WEAK SPIRIT --AND DO THE SAME TO **ITS** BODY!

MY, MY, AREN'T WE **AMBITIOUS**.

ARE YOU AT SUCH A LOSS FOR WORDS
THAT YOU MUST RESORT TO YOUR OLD TRICK
OF *SPITTING ON THE CRUCIFIX*?

SHUT UP!

HURLING THE *CRUCIFIX*
AT ME WILL DO NO GOOD. IT
MEANS *NOTHING* TO ME NOW.

OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT
A PART OF YOU STILL *DWELLS*
WITHIN ME?

RIPPPP

I HATE YOU!
I HATE YOU!

AH, YES...
MY *SCAR*. IT
BRINGS BACK
MEMORIES,
DOESN'T IT?

SHALL WE
REMINISCE?

I MUST ADMIT
YOU HAD THE
BEST OF ME
FOR A WHILE
THERE...



YOU CAUSED ME GREAT PAIN, IN FACT...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU DECIDED I HAD NO FURTHER USE FOR MY EYE...



...AND MADE ME PLUCK IT OUT...

AFTER THAT YOU EVEN CONVINCED ME TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF ALL I HAD SACRED...

YOU DESTROYED MY FAITH... EVEN AS I HURLED THE CRUCIFIX INTO THE FIRE...



BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T DESTROY, CATHERINE...

MY DESIRE TO LIVE... TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF MY OWN SOUL...



AND YOU KNEW, DIDN'T YOU, CATHERINE? AS I PLUNGED MY HAND INTO THOSE FLAMES TO RETRIEVE THE CRUCIFIX...

...THAT I WAS STRONGER THAN YOU...

"YOU KNEW THAT YOUR END WAS COMING...AS I RIPPED OPEN MY SHIRT, HOLDING THE GLOWING-HOT CRUCIFIX IN MY HAND..."



"AND WHEN I CLASPED THAT SEARING CRUCIFIX TO MY HEART

"YOU COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER

AND YOU FLED FROM MY BODY IN BASE DEFEAT--

"EXORCISED FOREVER"



AND YOU KNOW I CAN EXORCISE YOU AGAIN, CATHERINE--BECAUSE YOU'RE WEAK! **WEAK!**

NO--! I CAN POSSESS YOU! I CAN--!

TRY IT!



YES--I WILL! I WILL LEAVE THIS BODY--

--AND POSSESS YOURS!



WH-WHAT... HAS HAPPENED... TO ME...?

I **FEEL** YOU... CATHERINE... **PROBING** ME ...SEEKING **ENTRY...**



...BUT I WON'T
LET YOU ENTER ME.
I'M **STRONGER**
THAN YOU, CATHERINE
-- I'VE **LOCKED**
YOU OUT.

YOU HAVE
NO **BODY**...

...NO BODY TO **INHABIT**..
NO **VESSEL** TO FILL WITH
YOUR **DEPRAVITY**..
NOTHING...

...NOWHERE
TO GO,
CATHERINE...

I WON'T LET YOU
IN, CATHERINE. I
WON'T.

AND WITHOUT A
BODY... YOU
CANNOT
EXIST--!



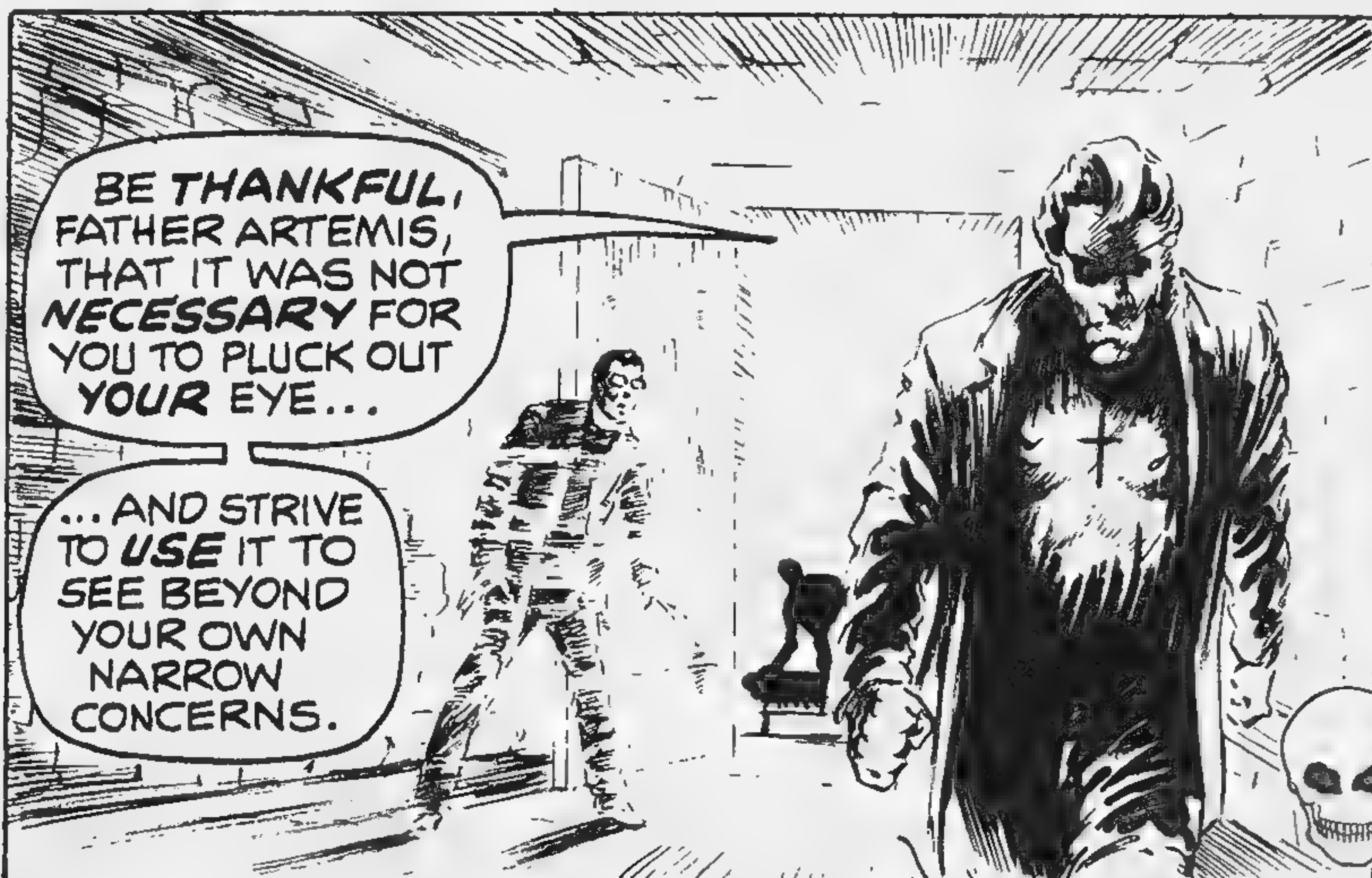
BHWOONF!



THAT **EXPLOSION**--
WHAT **HAPPENED**
HERE--?!

SOMETHING YOU WILL
NEVER UNDERSTAND,
FATHER ARTEMIS...

...JUST AS YOU WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND WHY I LEFT
THE **PRIESTHOOD**.



BE **THANKFUL**,
FATHER ARTEMIS,
THAT IT WAS NOT
NECESSARY FOR
YOU TO PLUCK OUT
YOUR EYE...

...AND STRIVE
TO **USE** IT TO
SEE BEYOND
YOUR OWN
NARROW
CONCERNS.

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1974, DUSK: A SCHOLAR AND A MAN OF **KEEN**
SIGHT HAS PREVENTED HIS SOUL FROM BEING RAPED A **SECOND** TIME.



“Something

It was the day after Christmas, 1973. And very few creatures were stirring if they could at all avoid it. It was a Wednesday, the dreary middle of a dreary week. And, even though it *was* Christmas, it sure didn't feel like it. Watergate was still with us, as were all manner of economic problems. And there was this new crisis, the *Energy Crisis*; there was no gas and stations were closing down all over the place, the ones that *were* open jammed with blocks long lines. There were no decorations on New York's Fifth Avenue—no lighted ones, anyway—and the legendary Rockefeller Plaza looked more like a morgue than a place of joy. The Plaza tree didn't have as many lights as it did last Christmas, the bulbs replaced by reflectors that were supposed to help but didn't.

And everywhere you went—except the White House—people were shaking their heads and murmuring, “It's gonna get worse. It's gonna get worse.”

So, in this Christmas that wasn't a Christmas, maybe it's fitting that, on the day after Christ's birthday, *The Exorcist* opened in the Big Apple. On that day, Billy Friedkin's film of Billy Blatty's book came to town, and, as far as the cinema world is concerned, all hell broke loose.

It's been about ten weeks since the film opened—this is being written in the last days of February—and the film has already made upwards of \$10 millions, raking in a cool million-plus bucks a week. Let's face it, *The Sound of Music* and *The Godfather* may be history's biggest-grossing films to date, but it's only a matter of time

before *The Exorcist* passes them by like Secretariat running the Belmont.

It is, to say the least, a most popular film.

Not to mention controversial, damned, banned—you name it and it's probably happened to *The Exorcist*. It's an “R”-rated film everywhere else in the country, but a Federal judge in Washington recently ordered it rated “X” and the local DA threatened to prosecute any violators of that rating to the fullest extent of the law. And it's not even a sex film, either. To paraphrase the Movie Rating board—the people who label all those films “G,” “GP,” “R,” & “X”—*The Exorcist* contains no overt sex and no overt violence. The fact that people often have to be carried out of the theaters on stretchers—many needing psychiatric help, some calling their local priest (pastor, rabbi, etc.) for assistance, claiming they've been possessed—is irrelevant. They say.

Anyway, about two weeks after the film opened, seven members of the Mighty Marvel Bullpen went down to see it. We stood on line for two hours, froze a lot, swore a lot, and finally got in to see the picture. Six of us sat through the entire film.

About three weeks after that, the Magnificent Seven—plus three more stalwarts who had seen the film on their own—gathered, at Marv Wolfman's behest, at Gerry Conway's sumptuous West Side pad to munch munchies, imbibe refreshment, enjoy the pleasure of our collective company, and talk about what we had seen. *The Exorcist Tapes* is the result. Two hours of uninhibited talk-talk



Wicked!"

a background report
on *The Exorcist Tapes*
by Chris Claremont

from the people who write the best Marvel has to offer. About the film, our reactions to it, the reactions of the audience around us, was it a success, was it a failure, why, did it matter...

We present our talk to you for what it is, just talk: ten people sitting around giving their own *personal* opinions of *The Exorcist*. We're not critics and this is most-definitely *not* a review; consider it Dick Cavett or David Susskind (remember him?) on paper, without the commercials. You can agree with us, or disagree—either way, let us know—or not care at all. It's up to you.

But—bet you were waiting for that one, huh?—before we get started on the *Tapes* themselves, it might be instructive—especially so for those of you who haven't seen the film yet—to lay a little background on y'all. Some data about the film, about the book, about the exorcism on which the book is based; because the book *is* based on a true event.

That true event being the possession of a 14-year old boy some twenty-five years ago in the town of Mount Ranier, Maryland. The boy was not Catholic, though he joined the Catholic faith and received instruction in it—with the permission of his parents—after he was possessed; and the initial physical manifestations surrounding the possession were witnessed both by his parents' Protestant clergyman, and a Catholic priest. After exhaustive medical and psychiatric examinations—both at Georgetown University Hospital and St. Louis University (both Jesuit institutions)—it was finally concluded



Father Merrin arrives to confront the demon in Wm. Friedkin's classic.

that the boy actually was possessed, and permission for the Solemn Ritual of Exorcism was granted. The entire exorcism required nearly thirty performances of the ritual, spread over a period of two months.

And, for the skeptics among you, just take a look—if you can find a copy—at the August 20, 1949 issue of the *Washington Post*, and a story by one of their staff reporters, Bill Brinkley. That story says it all.

Well, William Peter Blatty was a student at Georgetown University at the time, and the memory of the exorcism stayed with him as he moved into his dual careers as writer and screenwriter. Until, twenty years after the fact, William Blatty wrote a book. *The Exorcist*. The rest is history.

Billy Friedkin's part in this history began in 1971, when he and Blatty started work on the film, *The Exorcist*. Friedkin—most famous up 'til now for his rock-'em, sock-'em police thriller, *The French Connec-*



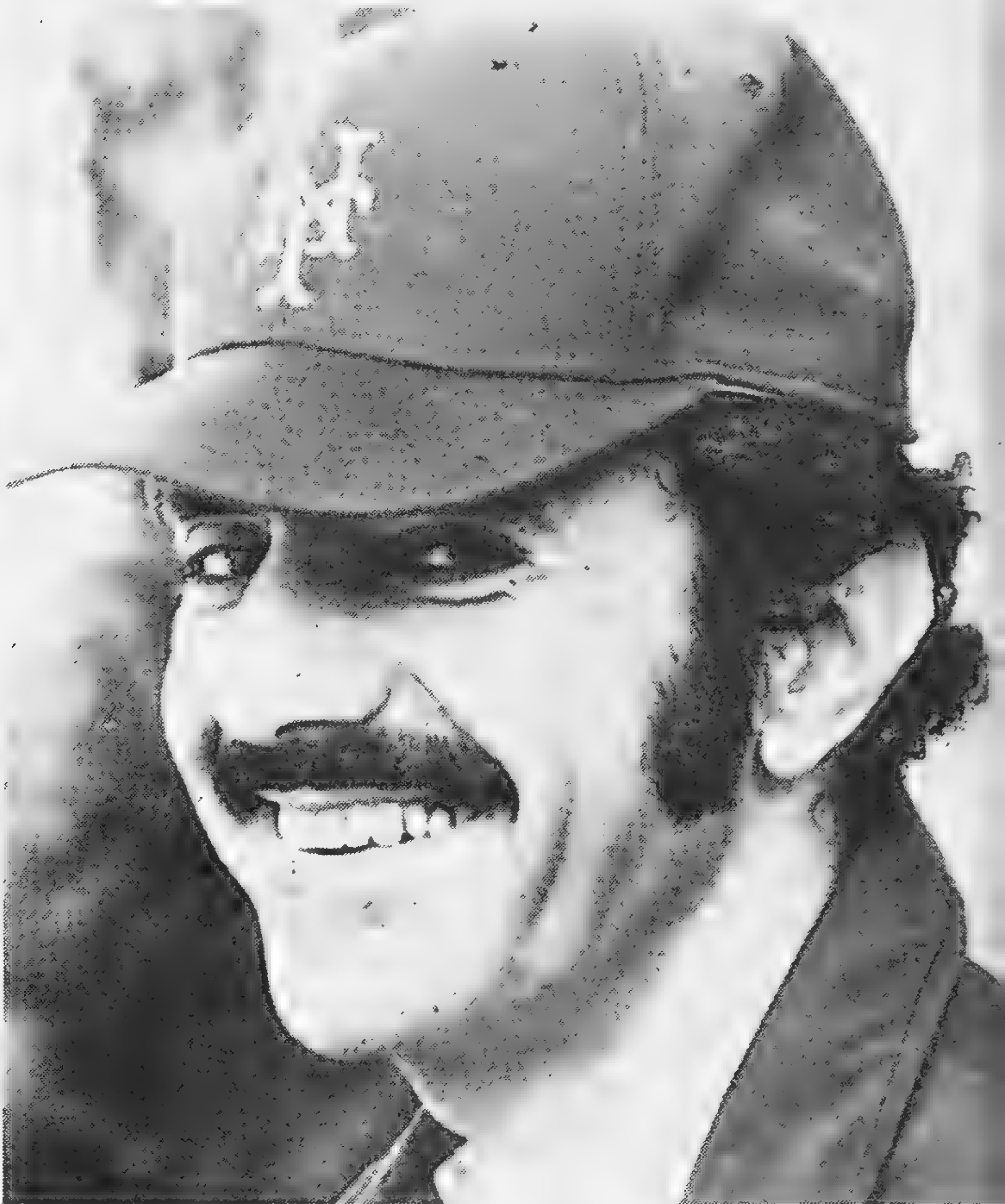
Pulitzer-prize winning playwright **Jason Miller**, starring as the tormented Father Karras.

tion—was and is one of the hottest Hollywood directors going, and the word throughout the Industry was that this was going to be one *biig* film. Except, the cryers of doom noted—as they are wont to note—how is he gonna get all the *yeechy* scenes in the book—which we can't even mention *here* because this is a family-type horror mag—onto celluloid without both the Studio and the Rating Board having, shall we say, kittens? Remember, this was long before *Last Tango in Paris* & *Deep Throat*; and certain things were still considered beyond the pale. Like almost *everything* that happens to young Regan MacNeil, the possessed young girl of the book.

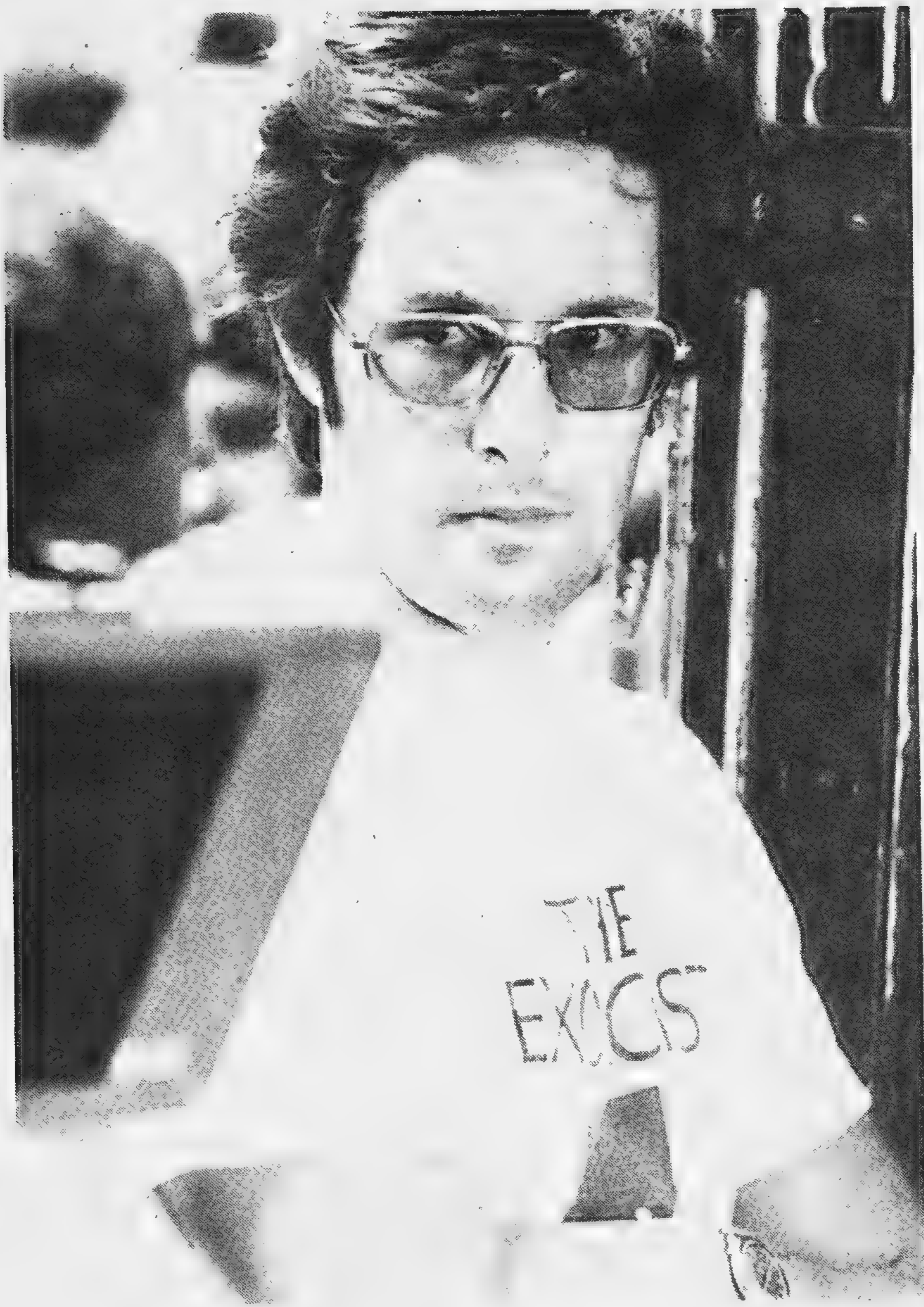
Friedkin started right off the bat with a supremely good cast—good casting is his hallmark—*Max von Sydow* to play the exorcist, Father Merrin; Broadway playwright *Jason Miller* to play tormented Father Karras; *Ellen Burstyn* playing Chris MacNeil (the mother); *Lee J.*



Ellen Burstyn, playing Chris MacNeil, mother of the possessed girl.



Producer-author **William Peter Blatty**, the man behind *The Exorcist*.



Oscar-winning director, William Friedkin, the man behind the film. Often run over by it.



Linda Blair, starring as the possessed Regan MacNeil in her first screen role.

Cobb playing Lt. Kinderman; and, to play Regan, an unknown 12 year old Connecticut girl, *Linda Blair*.

He started shooting the film on August 14, 1972—twenty-three years after the *Post* stories of the original exorcism—and, almost immediately, things began coming apart around him. A shooting schedule originally slated to run 105 days, ran 200. A set replicating Chris MacNeil's house in Georgetown mysteriously burned to the ground one Sunday morning with nobody in the place except a guard; rebuilding cost Friedkin six weeks. Max von Sydow's brother died the day von Sydow arrived to begin shooting his scenes; Linda Blair's grandfather died the first week of shooting; Jack MacGowran—a brilliant Irish actor relegated to a minor, almost walk-on role as Chris MacNeil's director/boyfriend (the director gets murdered by the demon possessing Regan)—dropped dead in New York one week after filming his death scene.

The statue of the demon—all of ten feet tall, shipped in a box 15 feet tall—got lost en route to Iraq for location scenes; it wound up in Hong Kong and it took Friedkin two weeks to get it back. One night the sprinkler system flooded the set “accidentally”, another two week delay. And the film itself kept getting lost from time to time. A

motorcycle appeared out of nowhere on a deserted beach and ran down Jason Miller's five-year old son; the boy's life hung in the balance for several weeks.

On *French Connection*, Friedkin averaged 15 to 20 set-ups a day; on *The Exorcist* he was lucky if he got two or three. He shot *French Connection* in 50 days, *The Exorcist* in 200. Indeed, there was considerable doubt whether he would get the film edited in time for its December opening; he was reportedly still editing the final cuts a day or two before Christmas and some theaters even got “wet prints,” prints so freshly developed that they hadn't even dried yet!

It was hectic, some say it was hell, but now it's all over but the shouting; and the money. A cool million a week.

Which brings us to *The Exorcist Tapes*.

Not quite as exotic as the White House Tapes, nor as violent as *The Anderson Tapes*; nor as juicy as Rona Barret's private file. Actually, one could sum it up as ten writers in search of a *why*. Why this film, why now, why so big a hit? If you're lucky, you might find some of the answers on the next few pages.

The Exorcist Tapes are broken into two parts—one hour each—a necessity when you consider that an hour

of tape is roughly ten to fifteen thousand words, maybe more, and the biggest prose piece Marvel's published to date is "Piglet" Effinger's novella in *Haunt of Horror* #1; that ran 21,000 words plastered across 21 full pages. Think about it, pilgrim; that's a lot of copy. So, this monster, being about the same size as Piglet's story, gets bisected: half this issue, half next issue.

Now for some ground rules. There were ten of us at Gerry's that fateful night: (in alphabetical order) Chris Claremont (your humble narrator and transcriber), Gerry Conway (you know who *he* is), Steve Gerber, Carla Joseph (she whipped up the munchies), Don McGregor, Sandy McGregor, Glynis Wein, Len Wein, Marv Wolfman (just remember, pilgrims, this was his *idea*) and, last but not least, Michele Wolfman. All you'll see on the transcript are our first names but there are—thank God—no doubles (Steve Englehart being on the West Coast) and *that* shouldn't be any problem. You'll also find lots of words in CAPITAL letters and parentheses; don't sweat it. That's what a transcriber's for. Y'see, lots of times, people do not talk in proper grammatical construction; what they're saying may sound right to the ear and be full of deep and trenchant meaning at the time, but, when placed on the printed page, all that meaning and profundity becomes so much gibberish. Hence the (CAPS); in a word, rewriting. The original meaning(s)—one hopes and prays—is/are the same, only the words have been changed to give the reader a break. Or protect the innocent. Something like that.

Read on, gentle Marvelite; and enjoy the trip.



One of the most respected actors in the world, Max' von Sydow, here stars as the Exorcist, Father Merrin.





THE HINT OF

HORROR

Welcome back to the second issue of THE HAUNT OF HORROR. Before we get into this issue, we want to answer some questions you've undoubtedly begun to ask yourself about this issue's two Satana features. One: Why is Satana here instead of in VAMPIRE TALES? Two: What happened to her announced artist—Esteban Maroto? Fair enough questions.

Before we answer them, read a portion of a letter sent to VAMPIRE TALES by Ralph Macchio, one of our letter column regulars:

"Now some comments on the Satana-in-absentia strip. How can you do this to us? After that tantalizing tidbit last issue (VT #3) by Conway and Maroto, she's nowhere to be found this time (VT #4). I predict she will surpass Morbius in popularity before long, mark my words. Here's another prediction. Esteban Maroto will not continue to draw Satana. In fact, I think that's why she was missing from this issue: you were caught short for an artist. Actually, I hope I'm totally wrong because he did a fantastic job. What are the chances of Satana making an appearance in a color comic, like MARVEL TEAM-UP or MARVEL SPOTLIGHT (with her brother)? If she's going to be as popular as Morbius, she obviously deserves the same exposure his pug-nosed pan has been getting lately. What I mean is, once every two months for Satana just ain't enough."

First answer: we see the same potential in Satana that reader Macchio does. That's why we moved her to star status in THE HAUNT OF HORROR. She's not really a vampire and she belongs in a mag where she could be fully herself.

Second answer: Esteban Maroto has indeed left the Satana series. No one regrets it more than us. We've slated Tony Isabella to script Satana starting next issue. As Tony says, "My sole collaboration with Esteban—an adaptation of August Derleth's "The Drifting Snow" in VAMPIRE TALES #4—is one of the stories I'm proudest of. I would have liked working him on Satana."

But it's not time for the hearts-and-flowers bit yet.

Before making his decision to leave the Satana feature, Esteban was sent two scripts by Gerry Conway. When he

decided to turn over the assignment to some other artist, we assumed he would finish the first of those two scripts. We assumed wrong. In the interim, that third script was sent to our new artist. He finished it about the time we learned that Esteban would not be doing that second story. Faulty overseas communications had dealt us a rather harsh blow. We had the second half of a continued story done, but not the first. And this magazine was due in a week.

Our solution: Gerry Conway wrote a text version of his second script to bridge the gap between the first Satana story (in VT #3) and the one that appears at the end of this issue. We think Gerry did a commendable job in a crisis and we thank him.

Meanwhile, what about us?

We're sorry that Esteban Maroto is not drawing Satana, but we're absolutely delighted that his replacement is Enrique Badia Romero. If you are unfamiliar with Romero, here's a clue: he draws the *Modesty Blaise* newspaper strip. This strip, which comes from England, is the unchallenged best adventure strip in the world. We love it and we're equally in love with Romero's contribution to that strip. And Tony can't wait to get started on next issue's "The Gates of Hell", which will reveal the senses-shattering secret of the Four. Be there!

And, just in case you think this issue doesn't have anything to offer, think again!

The origin of *Gabriel, Devil-Hunter*, by Doug Moench and Billy Graham!

Part I of the most in-depth discussion of *The Exorcist* ever!

A short shocker by Doug Moench and Gene Colan!

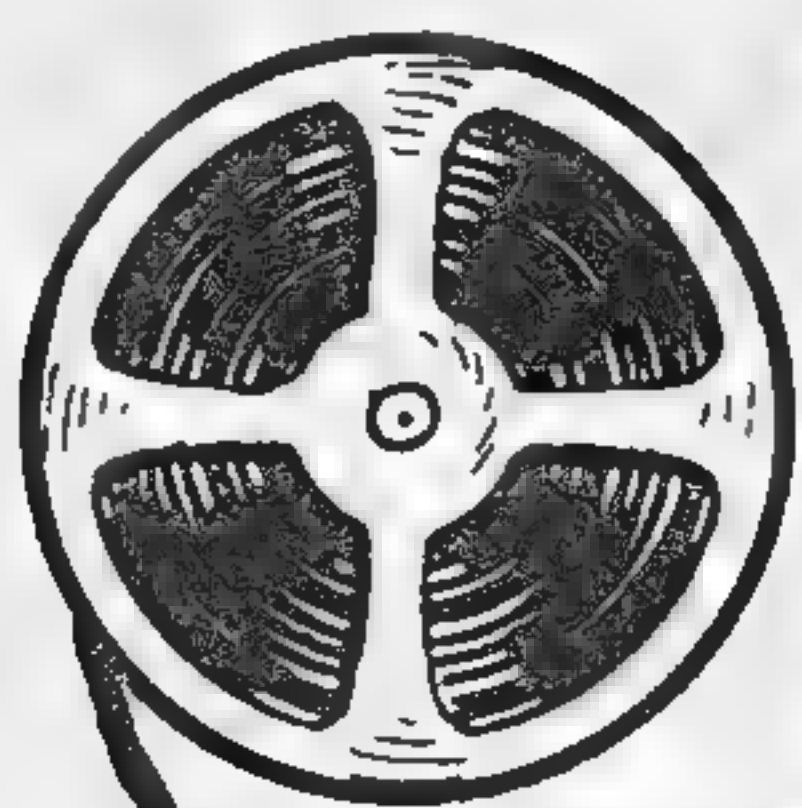
Plus—two Satana stories.

Needless to say, we'd like to hear your comments on this ish. So send those letters and Readers' Poll votes to:

THE HAUNT OF HORROR
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Hey! What are you hangin' around for? READ!





The Exorcist

2 February 1974

Present (in alphabetical order): Chris Claremont, Gerry Conway, Steve Gerber, Carla Joseph, Don McGregor, Sandy McGregor, Glynis Wein, Len Wein, Marv Wolfman, Michele Wolfman.

PART 1: The First Hour

CHRIS: Okay, I guess the most basic way to start this is by asking everyone what their initial impressions were of the movie. The best thing would be to go in order. So, Carla?

CARLA: My initial impression was that it was a very, very scary film. However, within a week I began to feel no impact from it; it wasn't a film that grew and seemed more horrible after...

GERRY: It was like a Chinese dinner.

CARLA: Yeah, it was. Thanks, Gerr. It was very filling to begin with, but (LATER IT HAD) nothing, no substance. I was very much

annoyed that not much of the book was followed at certain points.

GERRY: I have to agree with most of that, since it was my wife who was saying it. Basically, my feeling on the film was that it was technically stunning—it had got quite of few special effects across that I hadn't myself seen in films before—but, fundamentally, it seemed to miss its own point. After seeing the film I went back and re-read the ending of the book and I found out (THE FILM) had eliminated the moral message of the book, which seemed to me something defeating its own purpose.

MARV: D'you think that (THE ENDING) was the only thing that was lacking?

GERRY: I don't (KNOW)...it seemed to pervade the entire film.

CARLA: The dialogue between the priest and the Devil wasn't at all in there.

GERRY: Yeah. They eliminated most of the driving force of the book and replaced it with visuals

Father Karras (Jason Miller) meets Father Merrin (Max von Sydow) minutes before their first confrontation with the demon possessing Regan.



Tapes

Part 1
Transcribed by Chris Claremont

MARV: rather than thinking.
But ignoring the fact that they had to remove it...

GERRY: They didn't have to remove it.

MARV: Assuming—now I'm not saying that they had to remove it—assuming that as someone who might not have read the book, what...

GERRY: Well, I hadn't read the book. I saw the film; I enjoyed the film as a film, except that I came away from it with a feeling of being put through something that I wasn't sure I needed to have been put through. I didn't feel that there was any point to it, *per se*. I'm not one of those people who feels that a film has to have a message just to be an enjoyable film. But when it is as stark and as grueling a film as **The Exorcist**, I think there should be some ultimate point to it.

CARLA: Marv, also, I didn't read the book before having...

MARV: Neither did I.

CARLA: One thing I did feel was a lack of confrontation between **Max von Sydow**—who I felt did a very good job—(AND THE DEVIL). I mean there's one line in there where he says something to the effect that there is only one...

GERRY: Yes, Father Karras say I think I should acquaint you with the number of personalities in the demon, and Father Merrin says, "There is only one."

CARLA: Which was the only time where they touched on it. I mean, it's a whole film about exorcism and yet you don't give a character to the Devil. And you don't give a characterization to the main exorcist; you have a little bit through scenes where we see him in a digging and he's leaving and he's loved by the peasants; you get that feeling...

MARV: That's probably one of the weakest parts (OF THE FILM) in that there's no explanation for the character itself. There seems to be no reason (WHY) he's in the film.

CARLA: What they did was they made a film about this girl, rather than about the Devil...

LEN: It isn't really about the girl; that's what bothered me. It isn't really about anyone, *per se*. When I read the book about a year before the movie and they said, 'They're making **The Exorcist** into a film!' And the reaction is, wow, they'll never be able to do that and (THEN) at the advance screening,

people came away saying, 'They did it, everything that is in the book is in the movie.' So I went expecting to see everything that was in the book, in the movie; and most of it wasn't there. The visuals, again, the visuals were there. The effects were there... The shock was there.

MARV:
LEN:

I mean the shock was there but none of the characters. My favorite scene in the entire book is where the exorcist, Merrin, first confronts the Devil, y'know the possessed girl, and it looks at him and says, "This time you're going to lose." And it established that there had been past encounters, and (THE SCENE) was not in the movie. My favorite scene in the entire book and it wasn't there! There wasn't much in the book either.

MARV:
DON:

Could I ask one thing? How can you criticise this film in the respects that you're criticising it when you all say you walked out of the film and you were stunned. If the film





Young Regan MacNeil (Linda Blair) in a quiet, gentle moment, as yet unaware that she has been possessed.

worked on that level, everything else is an after-thought.

GERRY: Yes, but, you see, Don, that has all the artistic subtlety of a sledgehammer over your head. I mean, you want a little bit more when (A FILM) has as profound an effect on you as that (FILM) does.

DON: I agree. I agree with that statement, Gerry, but (WHY KNOCK) the film as a horror film when it *does* horrify everyone?

GERRY: Most horror films, Don, even the most hack horror film of the forties, had as its basic tenet that good would triumph over evil, and in a way that good would then survive...

DON: I don't deny that.

STEVE: That's not entirely true, because the girl survives.

GERRY: The girl was never in conflict. The girl herself was outside...

LEN: The girl was the battlefield.

CHRIS: Well, there's something, y'know; that (THE FILM) succeeds as a horror film because you come out feeling shocked.

DON: That's not what I'm objecting to. Obviously, I'm not objecting to his point-of-view. Friedkin's only intention, it seems to me, was to horrify people, to shock them; and he really calculated it to shock the intelligentsia, the critics, the effetists. I have a feeling he calculated it thinking that if he could get the people who normally sit

around talking about these kind of things and make *them* react, then he wouldn't have to worry about the average guy who walks into the theatre, 'cause he's gonna knock him all over the place; 'cause (THE FILM) was calculated in sound, it was calculated in sight, it's calculated in pacing...

GERRY: But then you're just structuring a shell, Don.

DON: Sure.

GERRY: There's nothing admirable...

DON: Lookit, you're sitting around here talking about a film three weeks after you saw the film...

GLYNIS: We've been brought here to talk about it.

GERRY: We wouldn't be talking about it otherwise.

DON: Have you not talked about it since?

GLYNIS: No! Not in the last two weeks.

CHRIS: All right. The film has an impact and it was a calculated shock impact; but at the same time, films like **Hell House** and the films of the forties didn't deal with the same (THINGS THE EXORCIST DOES). This film came right out and said it; on one side you had the Catholic Church, on the other side you had the Devil. And that's the other thing. In the book, it was a demon, a plain old ordinary demon. This is the Devil in big letters.

DON: The thing I'm concerned about is the audience reaction and you're concerned about...

GERRY: Don, audience reaction is totally irrelevant to the quality of the film. Completely irrelevant.

DON: I don't understand that an audience obviously isn't...

GERRY: Okay. A great many people have gone to see **Deep Throat**; does that make **Deep Throat** a film of artistic value? No. It merely means that it appealed to a purient interest, an interest of a morbid nature.

DON: We talking about **Deep Throat** or **The Exorcist**?

GERRY: We're talking about both of them. In both cases it's an appeal to a fascination...



Still unsure whether or not Regan is truly possessed, Father Karras confronts her mother.

DON: 'S'funny, I never related **The Exorcist** to **Deep Throat**, but okay...

GERRY: You have to; both of them are pornography.

MARV: Why do you say **The Exorcist** is pornography?

GERRY: By definition, pornography is showing something which is obscene. Having a little girl taking a cross and ramming it into herself is obscene.

MARV: Is the movie obscene or is it the attempt to show the effects of the Devil or the demon or whatever?

GERRY: Well, you see, that's the thing. That's what we're talking about. It's the *whole* effect of the movie, as I said. Whether this has a profound effect on you *to a point*. If it does not have a point, then it is pornography. And that's what I was saying.

CHRIS: It's like looking through a peephole...

GERRY: It's lewdness. It's watching for the sake of watching rather than coming to some sort of moral (RESOLUTION).

CARLA: I disagree with you on the quality. I do not think that it was pornographic. I think it was disgusting at points but...

STEVE: I have a question.

CARLA: Yeah?

STEVE: This is the thing that interests me even more than the substance of the film itself. Which is why you people think people are going to see it, why are those lines forming...

CARLA: It's something to talk about.

STEVE: D'you really think that's all it is?

MARV: It has to be more than that.

GERRY: Oh, it's a shocking film but that doesn't make it good.

STEVE: But why do people want to go see a film that's going to shock the hell out of them?

CARLA: It's accepted. You have **Friedkin** as director, it came from a best-seller, it's a horror film; and in this way it's like **Deep Throat**: it's an acceptable horror film that people can go see...

STEVE: The question is why do they want to go see a film like that?

CHRIS: I think it comes back to this whole people kind of thing. If **Friedkin** had set out to make a film about a person who was possessed, and (THAT POSSESSION'S) effect on the people around that person, say its effect on **Chris MacNeil** and on **Damien Karras** and on **Father Merrin**. If (FRIEDKIN) set up those emotional linkages between the audience and those people I don't think people would have (BEEN ABLE TO WALK) out of that theatre, they would have crawled out (AS) shock cases. This way...

DON: No, but you see, you're wrong.

CHRIS: Waitaminnit. Waitaminnit.

DON: (IT'S) already been (REPORTED THAT) two people have been confined...

CHRIS: No, wait a minute!

DON: So you're wrong for saying that, Chris.

CHRIS: I'm not, because what you have here...

DON: You're saying those two people don't matter, is that what you're saying?

CHRIS: No, no, I'm not saying... Lemme finish and make the point!

GERRY: Yeah, let him finish so you can understand what he's saying.

CHRIS: Wow. Now I know how those tape experts must have felt. Jesus!

LAUGHTER

CHRIS: What you have now is everything at a distance. You're seeing all these things happening to the girl—like, **Merrin** throws Holy Water (ON HER) and **WOW!** real welts on her skin; and the flesh of her belly comes up and says, *help me*—and it's voyeurism; because you're not involved with any of the characters. People get murdered and you think, oh, where'd he go? The only person you ever get an emotional look at is **Karras**—and that's very brief—and it's (PRIMARILY) established by **Miller's** performance. But I think the reason people flip out is because the whole film is touching things that everyone... I think everybody believes a little in the Devil and in God; The fact that two people did flip out is indicitive (OF THE



The Exorcism begins.

FILM'S POWER). I wonder if **Blatty** and **Friedkin** sat down and said Look, if we make this honestly and we really ram it into the audience we're gonna have people committing suicide; they're gonna be running out of (THE THEATRES STRAIGHT) into the looney bins—'cause they cut out *every moral argument* in the book. The whole thing about *Karras'* weakness. I mean, the demon is after *Karras*, and it's after *Merrin*; but (WHAT THE HELL) you don't know anything about the demon. It's just there, it's a gimmick...

All this (FILM) is just a two-hour horror-show. And that's all it is.

GERRY: It's as though trying to conceive of how 2001 would have been if it had been two hours of pure light show, as opposed to what it was.

MARV: Are you trying to say it doesn't have a story?

GERRY: Yeah.

MICHELE: It affected *me*.

MARV: It's a powerful movie.

DON: Could I try to answer Steve's question. 'Cause I think that the question you asked is a legitimate question. And it's certainly something that should be studied. First of all, one of the reasons that this film is so controversial is not so much the subject matter but it's handling. It's like any particular art form; (SAY) if it's humor, it makes people laugh, and if it's really successful and its artistically well done people become involved in it and they laugh and they have a good time. If it's a drama it says something meaningful to them. This is

one of the first movies I've seen that's a horror film and nothing else; it has no meaning other than to horrify. And I think that the average, ordinary person who doesn't deal in dramatics on any level other than what he sees on television and that's the kind of entertainment, the kind of drama—even horror film—that he's used to seeing, I think most people walking into (THE EXORCIST), having heard of this...it's like going on a roller coaster ride. People want to feel things. They've become jaded. We have entertainment 24 hours a day, television's always with you, the record player is always with you...

There are so many entertainment forms that we've become dulled to the average things; and everybody's saying: like, man, when you go into that film, you're gonna feel something.

MARV: The images are incredibly powerful.

DON: There are different parts of the movie that are going to affect different people. I don't think the same things that bothered me will bother...

SOME FIRETRUCKS TRUCKED BY RATHER NOISILY THEN; BRIEF HI-ATUS

LEN: What is this, the **Dick Cavett Show**?

DON: The scene with the crucifix didn't bother me at all but it freaked Sandy right out and she couldn't watch the rest of the movie; yet the scene in the hospital when they were testing the little girl bothered me much more. I mean, what the hell am I sitting here watching this for?

GLYNIS: That was the tamest scene in the whole movie.

MARV: But it affected a chord in Don.

DON: Because I knew it was the most *real* part of the movie. (AND) because you know, right away, that they're diagnosing the girl wrong. **MARV:** Do you have any feeling of Lauren (DON MCGREGOR'S YOUNG DAUGHTER) going through something like that, 'cause that scene—with her not even as the Devil, which is a bit further beyond your reality—something about having your own daughter go into the hospital and going through these tests because of some disorder you don't know about.

DON: That particular scene bothered me because I could see *myself* going through it.

LAUGHTER

DON: I think it bothered Sandy on that level, though.

CARLA: Steven?

STEVE: Yeah?

CARLA: One other thing, on the audience. I think the audience is going to see it in the same way that the Romans went to the Circuses. (I MEAN, YOU HAD) the Christians versus the lions(AND) well, I got very much the same feeling (HERE). That people were going in there to see that film in the same way they wanted to see someone totally

destroyed.

DON: I think we're much better off listening to someone like Michele talk about how the film affected *her*, because I think (SHE'D) be more indicative of what the average audience going to see that film (EXPECTED) because you're not involved in writing dramatics.

GERRY: Don, I would think that audience reaction and the reaction of the masses has really nothing to do with the *worth* of something; because I can only point to the 1972 elections, in which Richard Nixon got the largest (POPULAR VOTE) for any single elected official, ever. And I think that merely indicates that the audience and masses don't now what they're doing and don't know what they're talking about. And generally can be titillated by anybody who comes along.

DON: I don't feel that's pertinent to this, so I don't know...

GERRY: That's true.

CARLA: I was talking to (JOE JACOBI, A FILM DIRECTOR FRIEND OF MINE) about (THE EXORCIST, AND) he raised a very interesting point. That **The Exorcist** is very much a product of this time. Two years ago, **Love Story** was a very big film and made an awful

lot of money; if it were released today, it would not make any money.

DON: You don't know (THAT).

MARV: **The Sound of Music** was re-released and it made a lot of money.

CARLA: Right now, according to the Studios—which Joe's in very good contact with—that kind of film is not being produced.

MARV: But, Carla, (THE EXORCIST) was begun four years ago.

CARLA: But one interesting thing about **The Exorcist** is that now (IN FILM) we are going through a very strong craze for horror films. It's becoming much more (OPEN) according to the studios; they're beginning to budget them more.

MARV: But did they predict that? You take the movie, **Hell House**, which was released last year; it's not as graphic, obviously (AS THE EXORCIST) but it's based on a similar type of incident, and yet that didn't...

GLYNIS: It wasn't all that scary.

MARV: It didn't make any money, either. Nor were there lines the first day on **The Exorcist**.

GLYNIS: But **The Exorcist** is something different. How much does everybody know about exorcism? Very little.

LEN: Also, **The Exorcist** was a best-seller.

Thinking Regan's strange behavior the result of some physical or psychological disorder, her mother takes her to various doctors and hospitals.... but the results are always negative.



CARLA: (AND) *The Exorcist* had a tremendous campaign. Very good PR campaign beforehand.

MARV: I found it one of the most subtle campaigns I've ever seen.

GERRY: It was subtle in the same sense that (THE AD/PR CAMPAIGN FOR) 2001 was subtle.

MARV: No, even more subtle.

GERRY: Because you heard, over several years, that **William Friedkin** is filming *The Exorcist*, **William Friedkin** is cutting *The Exorcist*, it just built up in your mind.

MARV: Gerry, I think that goes to you. I was not even aware of it; y'know, you're more into film...

GERRY: How d'you think word-of-mouth starts, Marvin? Word-of-mouth is what's making this film popular.

MARV: Right.

GERRY: Word-of-mouth started with a whole bunch of film buffs, the first day...

CHRIS: Saying, hey, man, what happened to **Billy Friedkin**?

GERRY: Right. Then, the second day, the film buffs' friends, then the third day, the friends of the film buffs' friends and then on-and-on-and-on until, finally, it had snowballed into a thing that...

STEVE: All right, we've still not been able to get to the heart of the question I asked; which is, *why*, knowing that this film is going to disgust and repulse you, would you go see

the film?

MARV: Steve, in my own case, I did not go knowing that I was going to be repulsed like that.

STEVE: Okay.

MARV: And obviously I was.

MICHELE: It didn't disgust me, but it did repulse me. I mean, it was terrible to look at. But I wasn't disgusted.

STEVE: Had you read the book? Before you...

MICHELE: Yeah.

STEVE: So you knew, pretty much, what to expect?

MICHELE: Well, the book had a few more horrifying sequences than the film.

LEN: Y'see, part of the reason is a "show me" attitude. It's, naw, couldn't be, I don't believe that. I think that a lot of people are going in the belief that there really isn't everything people say there is, there couldn't be. It's daring them to be what they profess to be.

DON: Again, Steve, I think it's the fact that people want to be emotionally moved. They're pounded at and there's some sort of reaction. It's like the successful comedy that really gets a big crowd because it affects them; it gets inside and it moves them.

CHRIS: I don't know. The most obvious contrast that settles in my mind—of an emotional reach—is the contrast between *The Exorcist* and (THAT) Jane Pittman thing last night (CBS-TV's, *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN*).

continued on page 50.

Father Karras and his closest friend, Father Dyer (Rev. Wm. O'Malley, S.J. a real Jesuit priest) at a tense moment in the film.



Take a tour with

as we stumble on our trip through

WORSTWORLD...

the amusement park where nothing can possibly go wrong!

only to wind up in

NIXONLAND...

where nothing can possibly go right!

Fumbling along, we take a peek at

DAYTIME TELEVISION

And uncover the naked truth about

STREAKING

Continuing our jumpy journey,
we take a left someplace around

CHINESE MOOSEKIND

Only to get derailed by

BILLY JERK

Set adrift by

OOZIE'S GIRLS

Mis-directed by the

STARLOOSE

And detoured into

**THE HECK WE
WERE**

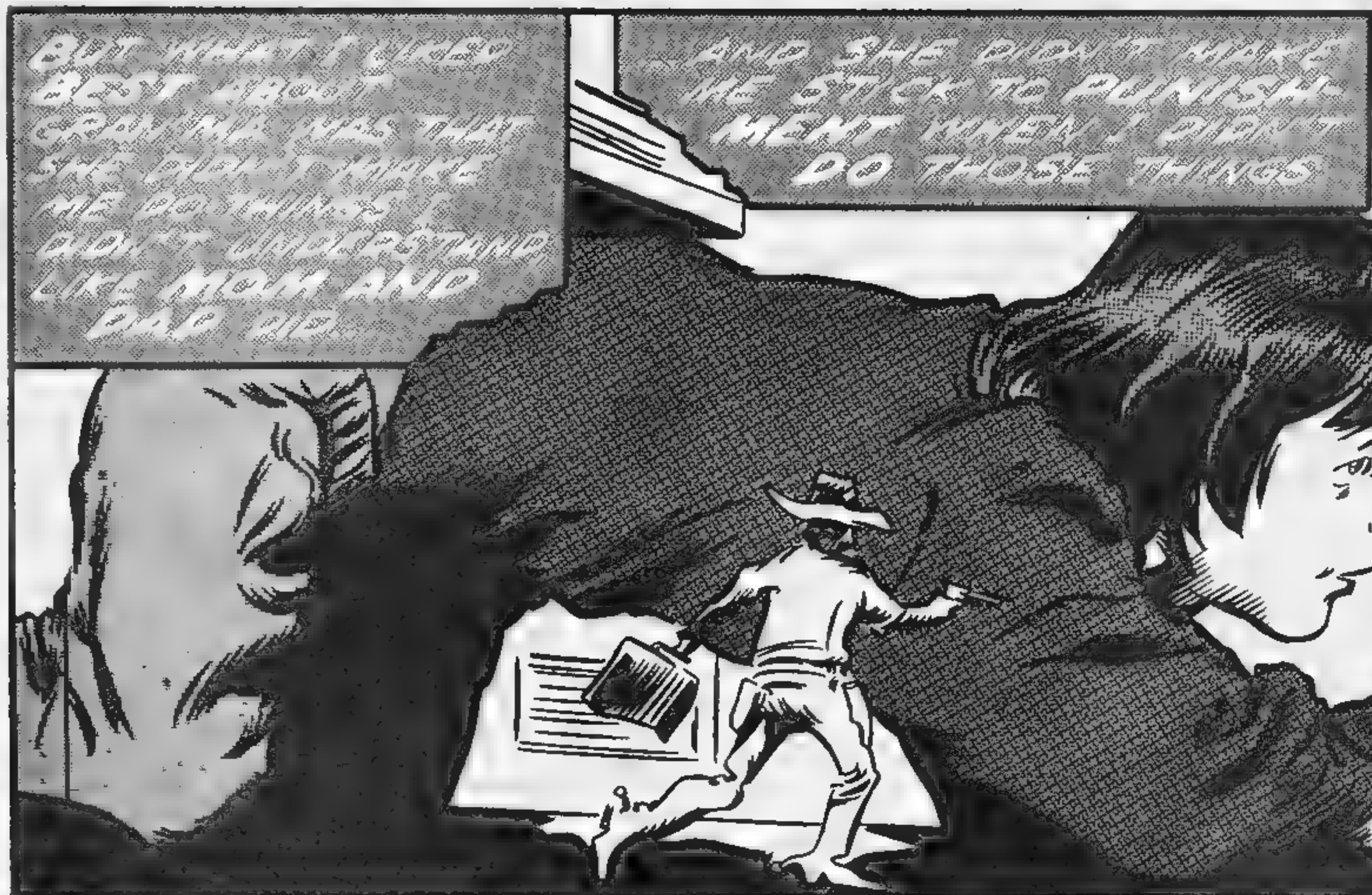
So, get together your
trip-tic, hop aboard the
bandwagon, and travel
through the magazine
which dares to
be dumb.

CRAZY



on sale
NOW

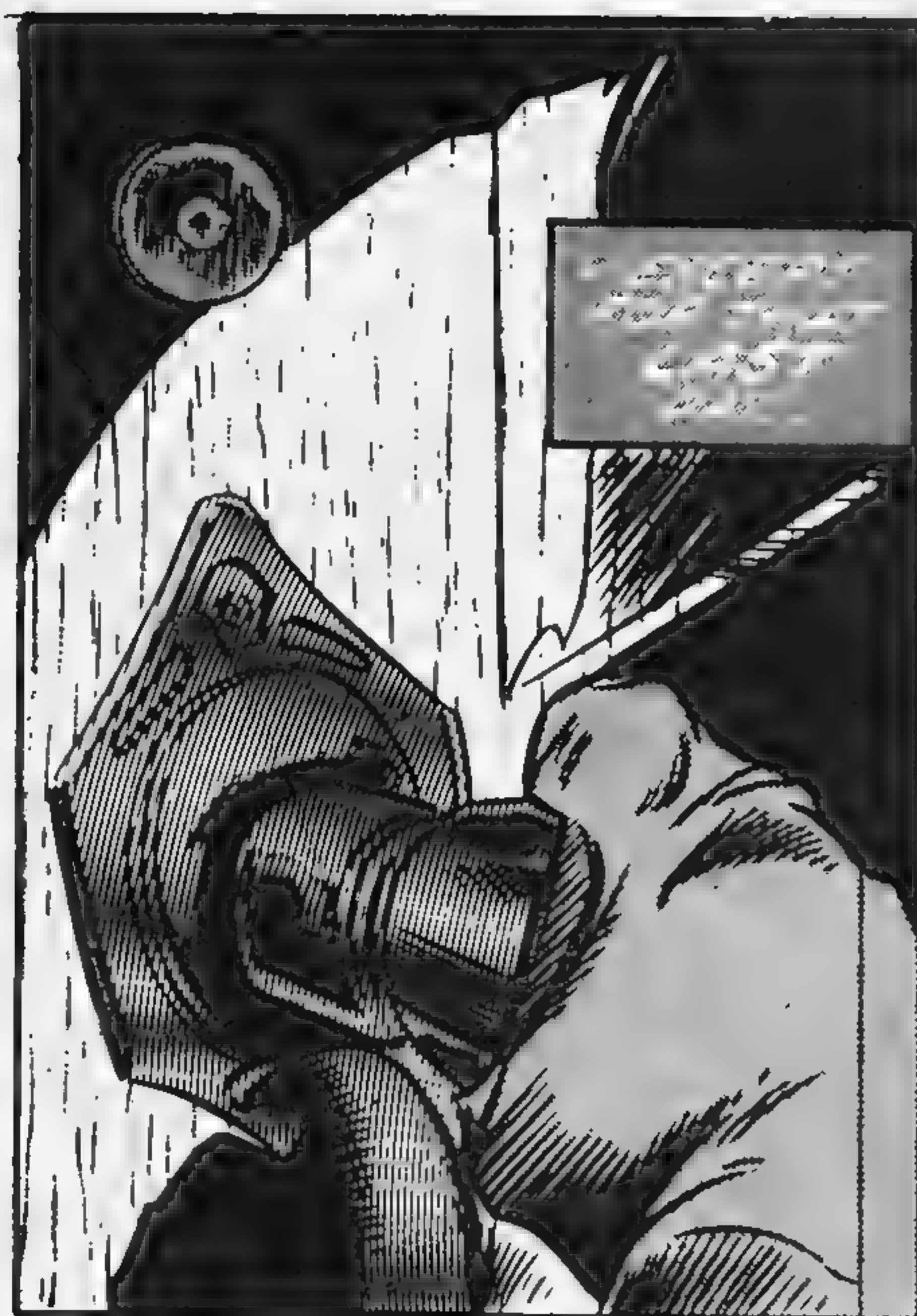
PROLOGUE:





THOSE AREN'T ALL THE REASONS,
BUT THEY'RE SOME PRETTY
GOOD ONES FOR WHY I LIKED
GRAN'MA MORE THAN ANY-
ONE OR ANYTHING ELSE IN
THE WHOLE WORLD.

RUNNING HOME FROM
SCHOOL TO SEE WHAT KIND
OF COOKIES GRAN'MA
BAKED WAS A TREAT
EVERY DAY--



...WHEN I FOUND OUT
THERE WOULDN'T BE
ANY COOKIES...

...AND THERE WOULDN'T
BE ANY FUN...

...BECAUSE GRAN'MA WAS
LYING THERE AT THE BOT-
TOM OF THE STAIRS AND
SHE LOOKED BAD. SHE
LOOKED MORE LIKE A
BROKEN DOLL THAN
LIKE GRAN'MA.

AND I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE THAT--

GRAN'MA DIED LAST YEAR

DOUG MOENCH/Writer

GENE COLAN & FRANK CHIARAMONTE/Art

I TRIED TO SHAKE HER AND SEE IF SHE WOULD JUST WAKE UP TO HAVE EVERYTHING FINE AGAIN, BUT SHE JUST WOULDN'T MOVE AND IT WAS NO GOOD AT ALL...

NO MATTER HOW MUCH I SHAKED AND SHAKED AND SHAKED...



I KNEW IT WAS BAD WHEN I TRIED TO LISTEN AND I COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING. I LISTENED HARDER AND I STILL COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING AND I TRIED TO PRETEND THAT GRAN'MA DIDN'T MAKE A WHISTLING SOUND WHEN SHE BREATHED...



BUT I KNEW SHE DID MAKE THAT WHISTLING SOUND--I COULD HEAR IT AT NIGHT WHEN SHE READ TO ME.

BUT I COULDN'T HEAR IT THEN AND THAT MEANT SHE WASN'T BREATHING.



AND I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT-- EXCEPT CRY.

AND THAT MADE ME MAD--EVEN MADDER THAN THE TIME THOSE TWO BULLIES HELP MY APMs IN THE SCHOOLYARD WHILE EDDIE PUNCHED ME IN MY STOMACH.



I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH AFTER THAT EXCEPT THAT I FINALLY GOT ASKING GRAN'MA TO GET UP--



BECAUSE I FINALLY KNEW SHE WOULDN'T.





NOW GET UP THOSE **STAIRS** AND STAY IN YOUR **ROOM** UNTIL I SAY YOU CAN COME OUT!

I NEVER LIKED DAD AT ALL...



I WAS UP IN MY ROOM THINKING ABOUT HOW NICE IT WOULD BE TO HAVE GRAN'MA BACK SO WE COULD HAVE FUN AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT JUST LIKE IT USED TO BE...



...WHEN I HEARD MOM START TO SCREAM.



AND WHEN I SAW WHY MOM WAS SCREAMING--

--I STARTED TO HATE DAD.



AND WHEN DAD SAW ME--

WHY, YOU LITTLE SNEAK--!



--I KNEW WHY MOM WAS SCREAMING...

AND I HATED DAD EVEN MORE.

MOM CHANGED AFTER THAT SHE DIDN'T TALK TOO MUCH AND SHE STARTED TAKING ME OUT FOR DRIVES WHEN DAD WASN'T AROUND.



--USUALLY DRIVES TO VISIT GRAN'MA.



IT WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T LIKE VISITING GRAN'MA--



BUT IT JUST WASN'T THE SAME ANYMORE.

JUST THE SAME, I MADE SURE I WOULD REMEMBER WHERE GRAN'MA WAS...

JUST A CASE.

JIMMY, COME ON. IT'S TIME TO GO HOME NOW.



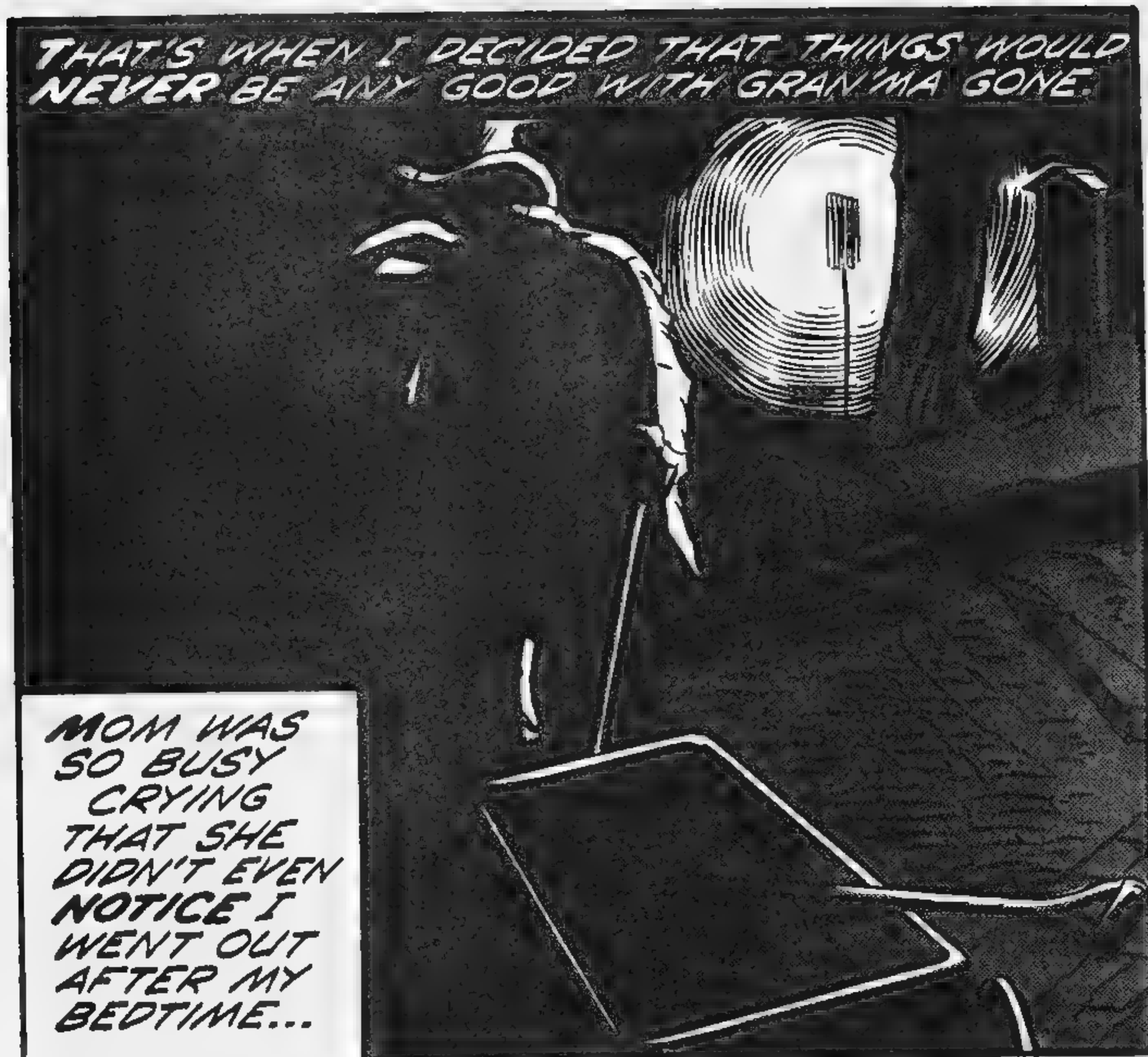
IT WAS A GOOD THING I MADE SURE OF KNOWING WHERE GRAN'MA WAS, TOO. 'CAUSE THAT NIGHT DAD DIDN'T COME HOME.



AND MOM WAS CRYING A LOT.

THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED THAT THINGS WOULD NEVER BE ANY GOOD WITH GRAN'MA GONE.

MOM WAS SO BUSY CRYING THAT SHE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE I WENT OUT AFTER MY BEDTIME...



BUT I HAD TO MAKE THINGS BETTER-- LIKE THEY WERE BEFORE GRAN'MA LEFT...





I RE-MEMBERED WHERE GRAN'MA WAS...

BUT IT TOOK A REAL LONG TIME TO GET HER TO COME OUT.



AND WHEN SHE DID, SHE DIDN'T LOOK GOOD AT ALL...

BUT I KNEW IF I TOOK HER BACK HOME SHE'D START LOOKING BETTER RIGHT AWAY...



AND SHE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT DAD.

WE HAD A GOOD LONG TALK THAT NIGHT.



AND DAD'S BEEN ACTIN' REAL BAD, GRAN'MA. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO...?

YOU DO...? WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, GRAN'MA.

I WAITED DOWNSTAIRS FOR DAD TO COME HOME.



HE WAS WALKING FUNNY WHEN HE DID, AND HE SMELLED LIKE NEW YEAR'S...



I DECIDED TO KEEP GRAN'MA UP IN MY ROOM, WHERE SHE'D BE WITH ME ALL THE TIME.

AT FIRST, SHE DIDN'T WANT TO COME, BUT I HELPED HER.



HE WENT UPSTAIRS AND MUST'VE WOKED MOM UP.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN UNTIL THIS TIME OF NIGHT?!

SHADDUP YOU LOUSY NAG!

THEY YELLED SOME MORE
AND BEFORE I COULD DO
ANYTHING DAD CLOBBERED
MOM REAL HARD OVER THE
HEAD...



IT
MADE A
YICKY
SOUND.

SERVES YOU RIGHT
TO BE **BLEEDING**
--I SHOULD'A HIT
YA **HARDER!**
NOW GET UP
AND GO TO
BED!

YOU
HEAR ME,
JANET? GET
UP, DAMN IT!
JANET... ?



GRAN'MA TOLD ME WHAT TO DO
ABOUT DAD, AND I DID HATE
DAD... BUT I DIDN'T THINK EVEN
HE DESERVED THAT--

--UNTIL I WENT IN TO SEE--

MOM!
MOM--WHAT'S
WRONG?

SHE'S **DEAD--**
BUT **YOU'RE**
NOT GONNA LET
THE **COPS** KNOW
ABOUT IT, YOU
LITTLE
BRAT!



SOMETHING BROKE INSIDE
ME THEN AND AS MUCH AS
I WANTED TO, I COULDN'T
KEEP THE SECRET ANYMORE.



GRAN'MA
WAS **RIGHT!**
YOU'RE **BAD!**
YOU **DESERVE**
IT! GRAN'MA'S
IN MY ROOM
RIGHT NOW
AND SHE
KNOWS WHAT
TO DO ABOUT
YOU, DAD!

IN YOUR
ROOM--?!

I DON'T THINK
DAD **BELIEVED**
ME, BUT HE
HAD TO SEE FOR
HIMSELF.



HE KNOCKED ME
OUT OF HIS WAY...

...AND WENT
TO MY
BEDROOM.



I COULD TELL
HE WANTED TO DO
SOMETHING **BAD**
AGAIN...



...BUT
GRAN'MA
STOPPED
HIM.

OH-- MY--
GOD--!

AND SHE'D ALREADY TOLD ME HOW TO HELP...



OH,
DA-AD...

HUH?



GRAN'MA HAD EVEN
TOLD ME WHERE TO
FIND THE SHARP
THING...

AND EVEN THOUGH
SHE DIDN'T LIKE
PUNISHMENT, I
KNEW SHE BELIEVED
IN IT SOMETIMES...

... BECAUSE SHE
SMILED AT ME
AND SAID I WAS
A GOOD BOY.

THANKS,
GRAN'MA,
BUT IT WAS
YOUR
IDEA.



GRAN'MA AND I HAD A GREAT TIME
AFTER THAT. IT WAS JUST LIKE BE-
FORE, WITH NO ONE TO BOTHER
US. WE TALKED AND TALKED AND
TALKED, AND I STAYED UP A
REAL LONG TIME...



...WITHOUT EVEN
GETTING TIRED.

ONCE, A LONG TIME LATER, THE TELEPHONE RANG AND IT WAS DAD'S BOSS WANTING TO KNOW WHY DAD DIDN'T COME TO WORK...



AND THEN THEY CAME...



I KNEW THEY WANTED TO TAKE ME AWAY FROM GRAN'MA, SO I TOLD THEM I HAD TO GO TO THE BATHROOM.

I WAS LYING.



I KNEW DAD KEPT HIS SHAVING STUFF IN THE BATHROOM...



...AND I KNEW THE MEN WAITING FOR ME WOULDN'T LIKE IT--



...FOR ME AND GRAN'MA TO BE TOGETHER FOREVER.

...AND EVER.



A FIRE

prologue...

Moonlight reflected, shattered, reformed: the surface of the swimming pool was like the surface of a diamond, revealing unsuspected motion beneath. For the span of a heartbeat, the black cat paused at the edge of the pool and gazed at its reflection in the ripples, as though seeing its image for the first time. A pink tongue appeared between white teeth; gray eyes widened; the cat seemed to smile at itself, almost a diabolical smile, full of mysterious intent. Then the gray eyes closed, the cat yawned and stretched, and with a shrug that was just short of human, it turned and padded toward the garden wall.

At the base of the wall it paused to study the apartment windows just beyond the masonry. There were three stories set in a rectangle around the swimming pool, an arrangement typical of garden apartment complexes in southern California. The window directly above the black cat was lit, and figures moved back and forth in silhouette behind the curtain—three figures, all male. The cat shook its head and padded on. It passed two more windows and stopped before the third. The window here was dark, but the spotlight which illuminated the small back area was on; someone was sitting behind the wall, in the tiny court reserved for the use of the apartment's tenants. The cat sat back on its haunches and listened, and when it was satisfied with what it heard, it gathered itself and sprang. One leap carried it the five feet to the top of the wall separating the private garden from the swimming pool court. The cat landed lightly and peered at the woman sitting in the garden with faintly luminous eyes.

Her hair was so red it was almost fire, and her eyes were feline and as gray as the cat's. Her face was classic in its beauty, feminine yet austere, sensual yet cold, hard yet somehow soft. Her eyebrows were arched even in relaxation, and she was relaxed now, reclining in a garden chair and reading from a popular paperback novel. She chuckled softly as she read, and smiled now and then when she turned a page. Her fingers were long and slender, the fingers of a pianist, perhaps, though the nails were much too long for a working musician's hands. And though the night was cool, she wore an outfit that was barely decent—a black leotard with several swathes



IN HELL

A Satana Prose Feature adapted by Gerry Conway from his original script.

cut from its cloth to reveal her pale white skin. She *did* wear shoes, but they were strange—unwieldy fur boots that rose almost to her calves, with bits of bone and other trinkets attached to the fur rim like ornaments. All in all, she was painfully Californian—eccentric just to the point of absurdity, but of course, not quite.

Shadow among shadows: the cat dropped into the private court and moved to the woman's side. Absently, her hand came down and the cat pressed its head against the woman's palm. It purred; she stroked. After a moment, she said, without looking up from her book, "Any news? Have you had word from my father?"

Under her hand, the cat shook its blunt head.

"Nothing, mistress," it said, in a voice that seemed to pulse from within its throat. "The netherworld is closed. The Four have sealed us off completely." The cat shivered and pressed upward for reassurance. "What shall we *do*, mistress?"

"Do, Exiter?" The woman looked up from her book and gazed thoughtfully across the small court. "I promise you, I shall think of something."

As she spoke, she rose to her feet, hearing a sound from the outer garden. She went to the garden wall and stood watching as a car parked in the driveway at the far end of the apartment rectangle, where the buildings parted to reveal the street. A young man left the car and locked the door behind him. Straightening, he became clearly visible in the light from the spots set over the driveway for safety purposes. He was wearing an army surplus jacket, trim army regulation trousers, and heavy black regulation shoes. As the young man came up the driveway, the woman returned to her chair. She was smiling. The cat looked up at her expectantly.

"Perhaps it will involve that young man," the woman said softly. "Yes, I think it will." She nodded, and ran her hand along the cat's back. The cat arched and purred with satisfaction. Abruptly, the woman stopped her petting and rose to her feet once more.

"But first there are other matters to be attended to," she said, and grinned down at the cat, an expression that was more bestial than it should have been. "Most important matters," the woman added, as she moved toward the gate which led out of the court.

"Matters of the soul."

The gate swung shut behind her.

1.

Henry "Hank" Johnson, full-time field representative of the Oregon Manufacturing Company covering the southern California area, and part-time wife cheater for the same district, decided for the thousandth time that the singles bar he'd wandered into on Sunset Blvd. was just too damn *crowded* for him to get any action. He'd been pushed and shoved, he'd spilled his drink twice, he was beginning to lose his hearing from the music blasting around him, and he was already nauseous from the dense smog of tobacco smoke surrounding him. An evening which had started out promising had turned into a full-scale disaster, and Henry "Hank" Johnson had had enough. After all, he wasn't a young man anymore. Pushing forty, partially bald, overweight and underdeveloped, Henry "Hank" Johnson was beginning to realize that hustling a date in Los Angeles wasn't as easy as he'd been led to believe. In San Diego, or Santa Barbara, or even San Jose (that was getting too far north), matters would be different; there were always bored wives or lonely widows in the bars in those towns; L.A., however, was another story. Los Angeles was a teenager's town—or so it seemed to Johnson. In all the time he'd been stalking the streets, he hadn't seen a single girl over eighteen years of age. There'd been a time





when he could have handled a girl that young (there hadn't been, really, but there was in Henry's memory), but not any more. Life had passed him by. At least it had in Los Angeles.

He was about to finish off his drink and leave, when a hand touched his shoulder and he turned automatically. He almost dropped his glass. He was facing the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen—and she was *smiling* at him.

"I've been watching you," she said, and miraculously, her voice managed to be gentle in spite of the deafening noise. "You seemed lonely. Would you like to go for a walk?"

Henry "Hank" Johnson didn't question his good fortune. His mind didn't wonder where the girl had come from, or why she'd chosen him. He didn't marvel at her strange, catlike eyes, or her odd fiery hair, or the bizarre black costume in which she'd pressed up against him. Like an automaton, he placed his drink on the bar counter, got off his stool and followed her as she wove through the crowd between the bar and the exit. Her hand on his was cool, but incredibly thrilling. Her shoulders, seen from behind, moved liquidly, unbelievably sensually. Henry "Hank" Johnson couldn't take his eyes off her. Henry "Hank" Johnson felt as though he were about to faint. He was grateful when they stepped into the night air and he took a bracing lungful of the Los Angeles pollution.

"Is your hotel near here?" she asked. He nodded. "Which way?" she asked. He pointed. "Do you want to walk?" she asked. He shrugged. "I'm glad."

Henry walked beside her, his arm around her shoulder, and it seemed to him he was seeing and hearing the world for the first time. Everything was transformed. The traffic on Sunset Blvd., the bitter wind carrying his thin hair out of his eyes, the concrete under his feet—it was all new to him, all new and all wonderful. He grinned and started whistling. Hey, he was really something, wasn't he? He glanced at the woman beside him as though to make sure she was real. She was. She smiled back at him, and after a few moments, as they were

passing a small alley, she said "Let's stop here a while, all right? I'd like to get to know you better..."

Eagerly, he followed her into the darkness. She moved around so his back was against one of the buildings forming the alley's wall, and she slipped up close against him. Henry "Hank" Johnson groaned involuntarily. She put her hands behind his neck and looked into his eyes. "Kiss me," she said. Her voice almost a whisper. Trembling with anticipation, Henry complied.

Two seconds later he tried to scream.

It all went very quickly. The skin on his face dried and collapsed in wrinkles and folds, the flesh on his bones seemed to wither and flake, and in ten seconds Henry "Hank" Johnson was reduced from a man to a desiccated corpse that really resembled nothing remotely human.

The woman rose up from what had once been Henry Johnson's face, and between her teeth she held a small, squirming butterfly. She removed it with her fingers and let it flutter away. Watching it go, she said, partly to it and partly to herself, "I feed on creatures like you, my friend. I feed on your cynicism, your lust. I steal your souls." She pulled herself erect, and her laughter filled the alley and spilled into the street.

"Truly, Satana is a stealer of souls, what men have called a succubus. But it's fitting, isn't it?" She laughed again. "Fitting work for Satan's brood, the devil's daughter."

After a while the laughter faded, and when it was gone, Satana was gone also.

2.

"Dinner will be ready in a few more minutes. Are you hungry, Satana, or do I eat alone?" Gloria Hefford looked up from the stove in the kitchen of the garden apartment, and frowned when she realized that the other woman hadn't been listening. Satana was standing at the window overlooking the rear of the apartment, gazing down at the swimming pool below. Gloria repeated her question and Satana started and glanced around.

"Not very," Satana said. "I had a snack only a little while ago." She paused and returned her attention to the window. After a moment, she called out, "Gloria, would you come over here a moment? I'm wondering if you know someone..."

With a sigh, Gloria wiped her hands on a towel and went over to stand by the tall red-head. Gloria was an attractive woman in her late twenties, clad in black as though in mourning. "I know almost everyone in the complex," she said, "and they all know me. Gloria Hefford, girl scout for Satan. That's probably what they used to call me, and Ruth too, of course, when our backs were turned. Who is it you want to know?"

"That man down by the pool," Satana said, pointing. "I saw him earlier in the evening. He was wearing an army uniform..."

"Oh, you mean Rich Corbett. He's a friend of those college kids in Apartment 3-G." Gloria leaned forward to peer past Satana's shoulder. Down below, in the light of a spot set to illuminate the pool, a tall young man with short-cropped brown hair was removing a terry-cloth bathrobe. He was wearing a bathing suit under it. "That's Corbett, all right. From what I hear, he's not bad for a gung-ho America type. I've been thinking about converting him to Satanism. Ruth was certain we could—before she died."

Satana nodded. Gloria's dead roommate had had an uncanny way of dealing with people, and it was this which had attracted Satana to Ruth when Satana first arrived in Los Angeles. Unfortunately, Ruth Cummins' empathy had ultimately caused her death... a fact which Satana had been regretting for weeks. Naturally, neither Ruth nor Gloria knew Satana's true identity; they thought her merely another member of the ever-growing



Satan Cult, one of their own, so to speak. She was, of course, much more.

"Interesting," Satana said, finally. "He could be just the man I need."

"Need?" asked Gloria. "An army freak?" She shook her head. "You know, every once in a while, I realize how little I know about you. That cat, for instance."

On a chair across the room, Exiter looked up, his eyes blinking.

"One day he just shows up," Gloria went on, "and the two of you hit it off as though you've been friends for years. You're like that with people, too. Where *did* you get that cat, anyway?"

Satana smiled. "Exiter?" She put out a hand. The cat bounded from its chair and slid into her arms. "He and I have been friends for years. Almost as many years as I've been alive."

Pressing his head against her chin, Exiter purred. But his eyes remained opaque.

3.

On the second knock the door opened, and the man who Gloria had identified as Rich Corbett appeared in the entrance, clad only in a towel. "Well," he said, after a slight hesitation, "Hello."

The red-head with the strange catlike eyes returned the greeting, and added, "I was hoping I'd find you in, Mr. Corbett. I've something of a problem I'd like to discuss with you. I live down the hall." She indicated a direction, and the sleeve of the semi-transparent robe she was wearing fell back. "Perhaps you've seen me. My name is Satana."

Corbett drew himself up and looked around, apparently disoriented. "Ah. Yes. Please," he said finally, "won't you come in?"

He stepped back to allow her room to pass, but somehow he didn't step back far enough, and her body brushed his briefly. She was dressed in a bikini bathing suit beneath her filmy robe, yet didn't seem self-conscious. She stood just inside the door and examined the apartment, listening for the sound of other voices. Hearing none, she turned back to Corbett, who was closing the door, distracted. "Listen," he said, "if you'll wait in the living room, I'll just put some clothes on. I was just out swimming, and I was cleaning up in the shower when you knocked, and I don't have anything—"

"I know," the woman said. Her body drifted near him. "That's why I came here... because I saw you..." Her hands touched his, moved toward his waist. Lifting herself up on her toes, she placed her lips close to his. Corbett seemed startled for a moment, then resistance drained out of him, almost as though it were being pulled from him physically. He kissed her.

The kiss went on for a very long time.

4.

"You come on strong, lady," Corbett said an hour later. He handed her the drink he'd made to her specifications, careful not to spill it on his neatly-pressed trousers. He went on, as he picked up his own drink from the portable bar near the living room sofa. "And *that* is the understatement of the year."

"I've learned how to get what I want, Rich," Satana said between sips of her drink, "and I want you, your full



and total cooperation."

Corbett laughed as he settled onto the couch beside the red-head "You've got it honey. What's the game?" He stretched out and smiled at her lazily. "Who do I have to kill? Or is it whom?"

"His name is Miles Gorney. He's the president of Consolidated Electronics."

Corbett sputtered and doused himself with whiskey and ice. "What? Say, listen, sweetheart—" he pulled himself out of his slouch and gaped at the woman next to him—"I was just kidding. That was just, you know, a figure of *speech*."

"I, however, am not kidding," the red-head said. "I can't tell you why he has to die, only that he must, if I'm ever to see my father again."

"Let me get this straight. You come in here, you play this little love game with me, get me on your side—and then you tell me you want me to kill someone for you?" Corbett inhaled heavily. "Lady, are you crazy?"

Moving with the sultry grace she'd employed for the past hour, Satana eased toward the young army officer and placed her hand against his shoulder. "I assure you, Rich Corbett, I am *not* insane. I simply know how to get what I want..."

Her eyes went hard as she moved in on him. He met her without resistance.

"...and I want Miles Gorney dead."

5.

Gloria's face was barely visible in the light of the candle on the table beside her; flickering, the candle dipped and almost went out as the outside door opened and closed and a gust of night air entered the room. Satana came with the wind, her eyebrow raising when she saw Gloria sitting cross-legged on the floor, a book propped on her lap, her eyes riveted on the other woman. "It's about time you showed up," Gloria said, her tone just slightly hot with anger. "Do you know what time it is—?"

Instantly, Satana cut the woman off. "I'm not responsible to you, Gloria. If you think I am, then we'll have to make some new arrangement—"

"No, no," Gloria said quickly. All anger went out of her face; she seemed to cast around, and said, at last, "It's just that some friends of yours called a few minutes ago and woke me. It's after four in the morning, and I was just—"

"Friends of mine?" Satana asked sharply.

"That's what they said," Gloria replied, defensively. "Weird bunch, if you ask me." Getting to her feet, she trailed behind Satana as the red-head went into the bedroom. Gloria sat down on her bed and watched as Satana undressed. Satana moved slowly, thoughtfully. Gloria said, after a moment, "They reminded me of the ministers I knew when I still went to church. All stiff and holier-than-thou."

Gloria leaned forward. "Say, is that a birthmark on your throat? Ruth had something like it on her shoulder... a small bat like that. Silly... two things almost the same..."

"I know," Satana said. Her hand came up to her neck and caressed the mark almost tenderly. "It's just a coincidence, nothing more."

"If you say so," Gloria replied. She seemed about to say something further, but apparently thought better of it. Climbing under her blankets, she shut off the light beside her on the second-hand night-table she shared with Satana. Satana sat in the darkness a while before removing the last of her clothing and climbing under her own covers. She thought once more about Ruth Cummins, and her thoughts weren't happy ones. It was true Ruth had also borne Satan's mark, but whereas Satana's birthmark had indicated she was the devil's own daughter, Ruth's had indicated only that she would one day do Satan's work. Satan's work had proven to be fatal for the young, innocent girl, whose only desire in life had been to know truth—she'd died to save Satana's physical life, and because she'd acted unselfishly and without so-called "sin", Ruth had gone, not to Satan's embrace, but to the embrace of that Other One.

Satana shivered at the thought. And shivering, she forced herself to sleep.

6.

Suddenly she was awake, and it was an hour before dawn.

Those friends Gloria mentioned, Satana thought. I must be a fool!

She swung to her feet and padded naked through the apartment, to a corner of the living room where none of the false dawn light had penetrated. *No doubt they were agents of the Four, Satana went on mentally. The mystic cabal which wove the spell that keeps me from my father. They must have cast another such spell to allay my suspicions. . . and they succeeded well.*

On her knees, she used a piece of chalk she'd taken from a desk near the window, and with quick, efficient strokes, she outlined a pentagram on the bare wood floor. It was necessary to have such a device when dealing with the Four, she'd found. Otherwise too much of her energy was wasted in combating the Four's confusing influence over her powers.

First I must conjure that scene which I have viewed before, the meeting of the agents of the Four upon the earth, the gathering at which my father and I were split apart, seemingly forever.

She rose and uttered a brief incantation. Her hands wove a pattern in the air, and gradually a column of smoke appeared, directly over the center of the pentagram. She remained within the five-sided device and stared into the column, waiting for the images to form which she knew so well.

Whatever reason they may have had for coming here tonight, that reason will be plain when I've seen what I must—

Wait.

It begins.

Within the smoke a picture was forming: four men in robes so white they were blinding, gathered on the four points of a cross painted on a floor, each man holding out his right hand, a column of smoke similar to that conjured by Satana rising from the center of the cross in the floor.

The men were speaking, chanting actually; Satana could recite the words from memory, and did so, under her breath.

"By the points of good, let us pray.

Let the gods relive the evil in our world,

Let them tear asunder the unnatural relations,

Separate father from unholy daughter,

Satan from Satana, demon from demoness.

Hear our prayer, heed our prayer,

Halve this unnatural union, send daughter to mother.

And let there be grief ne'ermore."

Satana's expression was cold and full of hatred as she listened to the chant, and when it was over, she spat into the smoke in contempt. But she made no move to dissolve the image; instead, she listened more intently than before as the men lowered their hoods and peered at their own column of smoke. A bright line appeared in their column, a pillar of glowing gold. When it appeared the men grinned and laughed with joy.

"The gods hear us, brothers," said one man, a middle-aged man with gray hair and a black mustache under a heavy nose. "Look, as their power joins our own. Soon,

that which we have planned on behalf of the Four will come to pass. Satan's agent on earth will be cast adrift. *The succubus will exist no more.*"

As the middle-aged man's speech ended, the golden pillar flared brilliantly, streamers of light shooting out like lightning from the central column. Crying out, the men shielded their eyes from the glare. At last the glow died, and another of the robed men lowered his arm and peered at the smoke—and shouted, "Miles, *no!* Something's missing from the spell. The Four demand a further sacrifice. . . some additional witness—to our



obedience. . . .”

Satana pursed her lips and arched her already-arching eyebrow.

Within the smoke, the men waited patiently as an image formed inside their own conjured column. White swelled into focus against the gray of the mystic smoke, and within the white several spots of black appeared, an outline formed—and the four men were staring at a life-sized human skull. Above the eyes was the star of a bullet-hole. The men gasped and muttered among themselves when they saw the skull, and the second man who'd spoken said, in agony, “O gods, no! It's too great a price to pay, too heavy a duty to demand!”

A third man cried, “Please, we pray to you, let this cup pass from us. You know our loyalty—ask anything else, and it is yours!”

The first man, who'd been gazing at the skull with an expression of determination, said firmly, “That's enough, John. If the Four demand this, then Miles Gorney, at least, is willing to give it to them. Let the spell continue. They can collect their due with the deed is done.”

Again, they began to chant, this time in voices tinged with weariness and sorrow. Satana didn't listen to this reprise of the earlier chant; with a wave of her slender hand, she caused the smoke column to collapse and vanish. This done, she stepped from the protection of the pentagram and stood musing in the center of the living room, her arms folded beneath her naked breasts. Her foot tapped the floor impatiently.

The scene was as she remembered it, but on some level, it had subtly changed. Or was it her perception which had changed? When she'd first conjured the vision, she'd been enraged at the audacity of these men who'd exiled her from hell—and so she may have seen only what she wanted to see, and heard only what she wanted to hear. And because it seemed to her that Miles Gorney was the man who had single-handedly forced the spell through, she'd wanted to destroy him for revenge. For revenge, and, she'd thought, to keep him from giving the Four their final sacrifice, whatever it might be. . .

With a wail of anguish, she realized what she'd done.

7.

First Lieutenant Richard M. Corbett wasn't a particularly moral man, and by his way of thinking, it wasn't too great an ethical jump from killing gooks in 'Nam to assassinating corporate presidents in Los Angeles. One was merely an extension of the other, and in point of fact, he really had a better reason for shooting Miles Gorney than he'd had for shooting any of the hundred-odd slants he'd killed in the jungles of the DMZ. If he killed Gorney whom he'd never seen before, and certainly didn't care about one way or the other, he would be assuring himself a place in that gorgeous red-head's heart—and wasn't that a hell of a lot more important than winning a few medals from Uncle Sam? Hell, he'd only gone into the ROTC program in the first place because he thought he'd be drafted, and he'd hated the idea of being a bum in boot-camp. All things considered, Corbett was pretty much assured he was doing the right thing. Or as close to the right thing as he cared to come.

Not to put too fine a point to it—Richard M. Corbett was really quite insane.

At the moment, however, he'd put all questions of morals and ethics aside, and was concentrating primarily

on the job at hand. Sitting on the roof opposite the office building where Gorney had his offices, Corbett glanced up at the sun and then down at the M-16 in his hands. He'd taken the gun apart and cleaned it during the hour he'd been waiting in the pre-dawn stillness, and he'd loaded it, and checked the action, and lined up the shot he expected he'd make—a straight line sniper's shot from the roof of the six-story building to the lobby doors across the street. It was the proverbial piece of pie. He'd have absolutely no trouble making the shot—none at all.

Something caught his attention on the street below. He swung around and went flat onto his stomach and edged up to the vantage point he'd chosen when he first arrived. From here he could see the entire street. A car was



pulling up in front of Gorney's building. There were other cars moving up and down the street as people arrived for the day's work, but some sixth sense told Corbett that this was *the* car. He put the M-16 up and sighted. The telescopic attachment jumped the scene below toward him—and he smiled when he saw the men stepping out of the car and rising up into the morning sunlight. Four men—and one of them was exactly the man Satana had described.

Corbett aimed, began to ease his finger back on the trigger—

And cried out as his gun fired and a booted foot kicked into his wrist and sent him flying.

"Rich, don't! Don't!"



He stared up at the woman standing over him, breathing hard as though she'd been running. She was wearing a black outfit, some sort of leotard, and at first he didn't recognize her. When he did, he exploded with anger. "What in hell did you do that for? You almost shattered my *wrist*."

"I'm sorry, Richard," Satana said. "I couldn't let you—ah—go through with it."

"This is one hell of a time to start getting second—"

Corbett broke off when he saw the expression on her face. She was looking down at the street, and her mouth was working, her eyes blinking back tears, her forehead wrinkling with what appeared to be grief. He pushed himself up and peered over the edge of the roof to see what was upsetting her.

On the sidewalk across the street, a crowd was gathering around the four men who'd left the car a moment earlier. One of the men was lying on the concrete. It was Gorney, Rich saw. Gorney, lying in a pool of his own blood, his head shattered from the bullet which had entered his skull through his forehead, just above his eyes.

"What's wrong?" the young man asked, turning back to the red-head "I thought you—"

"Fool," she hissed, and suddenly he saw the feral rage burning behind her mask of humanity, "*you killed him*."

"But you said—" He sputtered, helpless, as she advanced on him. He couldn't understand what was happening. Everything had crumbled; it had all gone sour somehow. He felt a sick terror as he began to realize that this woman was more than she'd seemed... much, much more.

"He wanted to die," Satana whispered. "They needed a martyr to make the spell work... they needed a human sacrifice... *and you gave it to them*."

"I did what you asked," he stuttered. "I did what you—"

But she was on him, kissing him. At first he thought she'd forgiven him, that it'd all been a crazy misunderstanding, she was kidding him, that was all—

And then the burning began within him, and he knew that she hadn't forgiven him, that he'd been a pawn in a game he hadn't even been aware of playing—and that the pawn was forfeit, the game was lost.

His last thought as he died was that he'd been safer in the jungles of 'Nam.

She rose when it was over and released the butterfly which was his soul and looked at what was left of him and slowly, sadly smiled.

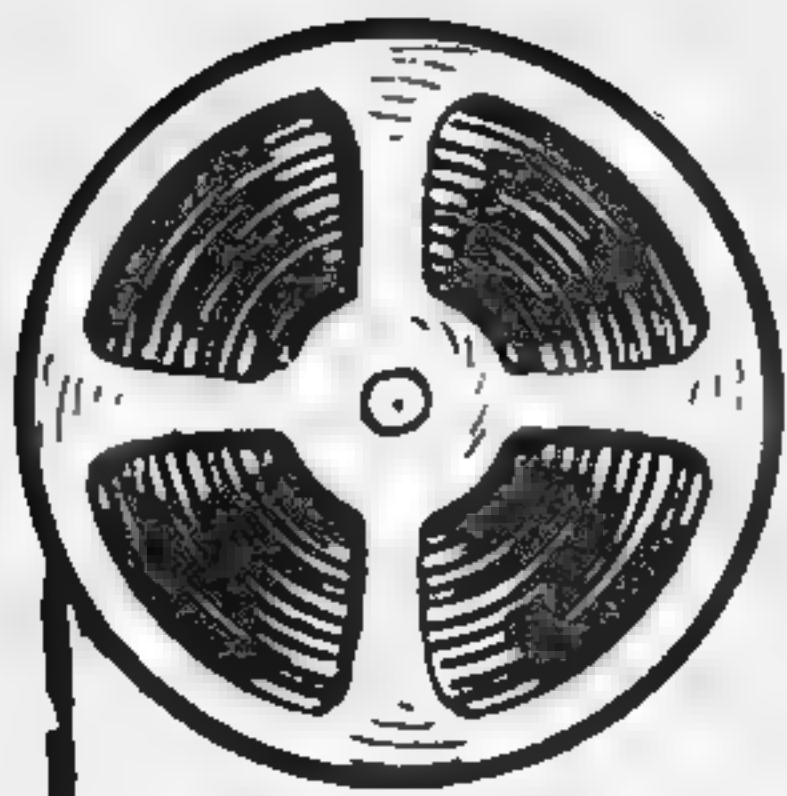
"I know you did what I asked, Richard," the woman in black said softly, "but you have to understand that doesn't matter now. Gorney is dead, the spell is sealed, and I... I am trapped on this dustball world."

She put her hands to her face and kept them there until a black cat appeared on the roof and padded to her side. She looked down then and said, "He was the nearest mortal on whom I could release my anger, and in my moment of rage..." She shrugged, and indicated his corpse. "Oh, in a way, I'm sorry," she told the cat. The cat looked at her cynically. "But the sorrow isn't lasting," she added. The cat purred.

Together, they walked across the roof, away from the death behind them.

The sorrow comes, the sorrow goes. At best, it's a fleeting thing for this woman named Satana... who is, after all, the devil's daughter.





The

Exorcist Tapes

Continued from page 30.

CHRIS: (IN) **The Exorcist**, emotional involvement's like (BEING) run over by the New York Giants. I don't know, in the three weeks since I've seen the film, the more I think about the film, the less and less I like it. (IT'S) an intellectual judgement and I don't know, if I went back to see it (AGAIN), how I'd respond to it.

GERRY: The question is also, *would* you go back and see **The Exorcist**?

MARV: When I left the theatre for those few minutes (LAUGHTER) to retain my stomach, I was speaking with the guy at the candy stand. Since it wasn't opened, he was just standing there, and I asked him, had he seen the movie? Y'know, these people are out there and you're never sure if they get to the inside. He said he saw it three times so far; the first time he was horrified by it; (BUT) by the third time he was laughing through the whole thing because, intellectually, even if he's not someone who's into writing or dramatics or movie making—by the third time (YOU SEE THE FILM) you see all the stupidities of the film. Now, the film is incredibly powerful on a first watching. I think it succeeds 100%.
Getting back to something Steve had

commented on and also that Don was pointing up, I think that the fact that for the last ten years, we have been seeing war on film, we have seen the My Lai massacres, we have seen all the massacres, we have seen Biafran babies starving to death, we have seen every sort of horror; we have been in the City (WHERE) you see everything going on around you and we read (THAT) right next door people (HAVE BEEN) killed, whatever; that we (HAVE) become so *inured* to every thing that this (FILM) is like a shock that is so *totally* different that people will go to it because they don't know what to be horrified by.

GLYNIS: That's right. That's what I thought.

CHRIS: Makes you pretty sick when you think about it.

CARLA: That's what's so much like the Romans.

MARV: What we're saying is, and Glynis picked up on it; is the fact that we've become so inured to everything around us in the city, in the world, that this (FILM) is a shock that goes even further and *that*, perhaps, is why people are going to see it.

GLYNIS: That's what I said.

CHRIS: That's pretty sick.

CARLA: Well, one thing that I wanted to say was, I

Priests confront the Demon, in one of the most powerful scenes in the film.





Damien Karras, a priest who fears he has lost his faith. And who must now fight for a young girl's soul.

think that, partially, its also not only the era in which we're living in but just the fact that there havn't been any other films at all like (**THE EXORCIST**) before, that are billed, *This is a Devil Film!*

GERRY: What about **Rosemary's Baby**?

DON: It's a strange thing. I was working at a movie theatre when **Rosemary's Baby** was on. And this woman really enjoyed this movie and I couldn't understand because I hated the movie. Terrible. And by the way, I wanted to tell you, I wasn't really defending **The Exorcist**—I think it worked as a horror film, I really do—but there are many flaws with the film. But I (ALSO) think you can only find them in retrospect. I think you use them as a defense mechanism against the power of the movie, because it does disturb you.

GERRY: I don't deny that it's an accurate film, Don; I just wonder whether that's a definition of a horror film.

STEVE: Isn't it a legitimate aim of a film—as legitimate as any other—to say that I am going to make a film to disgust people?

GERRY: Was that the intention of the producer and the director? When the producer is also the author of the book and the book is completely different from the movie, I wonder what his intentions were?

MARV: And yet it's his script.

STEVE: Maybe his idea of the book has changed?

GERRY: Maybe he's lost what he originally set out to do...

CARLA: Maybe it got cut out?

MARV: Gerry, don't you think that right along from the beginning of the book it was probably aimed to be a movie?

GERRY: Oh, I'm sure, Marvin, that's why I wonder whether they achieved what they attempted to do, because the book is basically a blueprint of the movie.

MARV: Right.

GERRY: And the problem is that the movie is much less than the book. So that would seem to imply to me that their intention was to create the book as a movie and they failed. So far as I'm concerned, the movie as a piece of art doesn't succeed.

MARV: I don't know. I think rather than just create the book as a movie, I think what they were doing was adapting, in the sense that you can do certain things in books that (ARE) harder (TO DO) in a movie. Perhaps, they were just going for shock value?

GERRY: Then what is the point?

STEVE: First of all, I think I'm the only person here who read the book after seeing the movie...

MARV: No, I read it after; Gerry read it after...

STEVE: Okay. *Why?* Lemme ask you that.

GERRY: Why did I read it?

STEVE: Yeah.

GERRY: Because I came away from the movie confused. I didn't understand what the point of the damn thing was. And I read the book to find out, and I discovered that they *hadn't had* a point in the movie. But they *had* a point in the book, which is what made the movie so bad as far as I'm concerned.

CARLA: Yeah, it was the same thing with me. I found it lacking.

STEVE: Well, what did the book do to you as compared with the movie? Did you have a different reaction to it?

GERRY: A completely different reaction. You come out of the movie despairing and disgusted; you come out of the book optimistic. And that's the difference. And that, I think, is (SO) fundamental (A) difference that you have to ask a question about why did they change their point?

DON: I don't understand that, Gerry.

STEVE: That's very weird.

GERRY: Steve, the whole point of the book and the whole point of the possession—there is a conversation towards the end of the book where Karras asks Merrin: why, possession? Why is there possession?

MICHELE: I don't think the movie *or* the book was about possession. I think it was about the priest...

GERRY: Right! But the *movie* wasn't about the priest.

MICHELE: Yes it was.

LEN: No.

GERRY: It was about vomiting and throwing up bile; that's what the movie was about.

CHRIS: The scenes with **Jason Miller** were very few but—speaking as an actor—(I THINK) **Miller's** performance was most effective because of **Miller's** skill as an actor. What-



Karras' roots are on New York's Lower East Side, in the slums. His mother lives there still, and dies there.

ever he did was not in the script; it wasn't there. All you knew about Karras was that he was a priest and that he was a psychologist at Georgetown, that his mother lived in some rat-infested tenement on the Lower East Side, that she was dying and that he couldn't be with her; and that he felt guilty because he couldn't give her anything because he was a priest. And (THERE'S) that one bit where he's talking to the other Jesuit (AND) he says, I think I'm losing my faith; and the other Jesuit looks upset and sorrowful, and Miller goes through the rest of the film looking upset and sorrowful and then, at the end, (MERRIN) is dead and (ALL OF A SUDDEN, KARRAS) just starts beating on the little girl. And he says, pick on someone your own size, come into me; and he dives out the window. (AND THAT'S IT!)

(BUT) in the *book* it was established that Karras saw Merrin as his last chance, as a chance for faith...the people weren't anybody in the film, just stock two-dimensional Hollywood "B" picture (CHARACTERS).

STEVE: My reaction to the movie, I think, was, among the people here, pretty strange. I was not all that shocked, horrified, etc., because I was constantly aware through the whole thing that it was great special effects. I don't know why, but the film had a sort of plastic

feel to it. Maybe the vomit was too green or something, a little bit too perfect a shade of green to make me believe in it. Liquid tempra...

LEN: Pea soup.

STEVE: Yeah, pea soup; whatever. But when I came out of reading the book, I found myself suddenly much more aware of all the little, disgusting, depressing things around this city that I pass every day and don't ordinarily look at. It's like in this one day, I passed five or six characters like that fellow in the subway station. (AND) for some reason every one of these people affected me profoundly.

At a newstand near my house, there was this woman eating doughnuts, there's a doughnut shop...

GERRY: This is very boring, Steve.

LAUGHTER

MARV: C'mon, cool off.

STEVE: No, all this does have a point.

LEN: After all this, if he doesn't make one, I'll kill him.

MORE LAUGHTER

STEVE: Lemme just complete this (SOMEONE BURPS) she's standing there eating a custard doughnut (LAUGHTER) no wait, no wait, picture this woman: looking about 75 years old, really craggy-looking face, matted white hair, dirty cotton dress, ah, eating this doughnut. Probably she didn't have any teeth; I got (THAT) feeling because the custard was caking around her mouth (GROANS AND UNFAIRLY HYSTERICAL COMMENTS) like foam, like rabies, almost, as if she was foaming at the mouth and staring with her eyes kind of blank-eyed, with her eyes drooping, that kind of thing. The point is, I—you—get so used to these things in New York, you don't notice them. I wonder if a film like this sometimes—by showing you something *that* horrible—makes you aware that maybe there's horror the equal of it around you every day, that you don't notice normally.

CHRIS: Did you notice this after you read the film—saw the film!

STEVE: No. I saw the film, then read the book, within the span of about two weeks.

MICHELE: You're talking about the horror that's all around you.

STEVE: Yeah.

MICHELE: Well, you and Don weren't with us when we went to dinner after the film, but I felt some of that; and it's the same reaction that the Father had to the old man in the subway. There was an old woman selling roses at the restaurant and I was extremely upset with the way most of the people at the table reacted to this woman. They were obnoxious and—I'm not going to say who or anything—but just like, get away! We don't want you anymore! She was a rather clean woman...

GERRY: Well, the fourth time she came back...

MICHELE: Doesn't matter! Does not matter! She was

not bothering anybody!

CARLA: Oh, she was, she was sticking flowers in our faces.

MICHELE: (THESE ARE) people who you think are fairly decent people, and this is the way they react to this poor old woman; and there's nothing at all disgusting about her and this really upset me.

CARLA: Um. One thing I'd like to ask the whole group is whether they felt the scenes with the mother—not the mother of Regan but the priest's mother—were really that relevant. I found them kind of boring at times.

STEVE: They were relevant to the book, not the movie.

CARLA: Yeah. I would rather have seen some dialogue between the priests and the demon.

CHRIS: Except that when you look at it, it was the one attempt in the film to establish some sort of character.

LEN: When you mentioned the mother—not Regan's mother, but Karras' mother—she was the only mother I remembered from the film; Regan's mother meant nothing to me.

MARV: This was an important thing that was just pointed out here, the fact that the sequences with (KARRAS') mother in her home are not important to the structure of the film, but later, when Regan appears as the mother, that sets you back a bit.

CARLA: That could have been done with one scene; they had about three or four scenes with this lady.

DON: It's a strange thing; you just complained about the fact that there's no character study in the film, and the one bit of character study they *do* have...

GERRY: It's wrong, Don, when...

DON: The reason they don't have it in the film (IS BECAUSE) a horror film (IS) done for pacing.

CARLA: No. Because in *Rosemary's Baby*, every single one of those people has a defined character; you identify with Rosemary.

DON: Not at all.

CARLA: Can I just finish. At least when I saw it, I identified with Rosemary and I identified with her being lured into this thing and the whole horror with her being lured into it and I understood the character of her husband. I understood the characters of different people, even the (GIRL) who committed suicide. Everyone in that film was firmly delineated...

MARV: When did you see *Rosemary's Baby*?

CARLA: The last time I saw it was about two years ago.

LEN: The first time, how long ago was that?

CARLA: The first time I saw it was when it first came out.

MARV: About five years ago.

CARLA: The film was very powerful; it's stayed with me. On the other hand, I did not feel any identity with Regan, I did not feel any identity with her mother; I did not feel any identity—or much of an identity—with any

Father Karras confronting his uncle just after his mother has been committed to a City Mental Hospital.



of the priests. I began to want to feel an identity with **Max von Sydow's** character when he was struggling with the (DEMON) but I didn't understand what was happening then.

LEN: Characters were superfluous. **Lee J. Cobb**, what did he accomplish? What did he add to anything in the film at all?

CHRIS: His name. I just want to reply to what Don said about pacing in a horror film. I've seen (TWO) of **Friedkin's** other films, **The French Connection** and **The Night They Raided Minsky's** (AND) I have seen him delineate character explicitly within two scenes. I mean, the first fifteen minutes of **Minsky's** is like *mise-en-scene*: here we are, Lower East Side, 1920, **BOOM!** And as soon as you hit **Elliot Gould** and **Joseph Wiseman** as Minsky Son/Minsky Father, you know *who* they are, because it's (ALREADY) been established. **Friedkin** is a strong director and his whole bag is pacing. I mean, I find it inconceivable that he would miss an opportunity...

MARV: Chris, *do* you get the sense that, perhaps, it might have been Blatty's decision to do it that way and not Friedkin's, 'cause the direction of the film is magnificent?

CHRIS: I think, no; if it *was* a decision, it was a mutual decision; I think Blatty and Friedkin carried equal weight.

SANDY MCGREGOR ARRIVES

LEN: I don't think either one of them said, it will be done this way.

MARV: We've been sort of going around and I think we oughta start centering in on a few things.

MICHELE: You can drop this if you want but I've been told by several people that if you read the book, you shouldn't read the prologue first—you should read it *after* you've read the book—because if you do (READ IT FIRST) it won't make any sense. Do you think it made any sense in the movie?

LEN: None. Absolutely none.

GERRY: Steve didn't even realize that Merrin in the beginning of the film was the same guy who came in at the end.

MARV: Neither did I.

GERRY: You didn't either? It was pretty clear in the film that it was (MERRIN) because in the beginning it say Iran...

CHRIS: Iraq.

GERRY: Iraq. Whatever. And then, at the point where the priests are trying to decide who among them shall do the exorcism they say, what about Merrin? Well, he's getting pretty old, isn't he? And I understand he's just come back from digging around in Iran. Now, that's all the information you need and if you missed that then you weren't listening.

MARV: Well, I got that; except that when I saw him I didn't relate the two.

GERRY: He looked exactly the same.

CHRIS: In the book (THOUGH)—at least at the end of the prologue in the book, *he knew*. It says, he knew he would meet an old enemy again.

You knew that something's gonna happen. In the movie, all you see is (HIM) standing (AT THE RUINS) and there's the statue and there are dogs barking and (MERRIN) looks over and there are two dogs tearing each other apart; and there's this old Bedouin coming down the hill and you think—oh my God, it's **Lawrence of Arabia!** And then, all of a sudden, we're in Georgetown.

CARLA: Chris, when I was talking to you the other day you made a very interesting point about exorcism and about possession and about this film. What about the idea you were talking to me about, about people who come into the theater...

CHRIS: Right. The official—and *this* is brought out in the book, too—reason why the Catholic Church is against exorcism is because, in the eyes of the Church, the possessed party—in this case the girl—is an Innocent. She is the battleground between Heaven and Hell; therefore, if she dies, she goes Up automatically; it's not her fault. The primary danger in a possession is to the *exorcist*, because—and, again, the book said it—the demon (TELLS MERRIN THAT HE WANTS THE TWO PRIESTS, NOT THE GIRL). All you



Enter Lt. Kinderman (**Lee J. Cobb**). There's been a murder and, oddly enough, Father Karras might be a suspect.



In the quiet before the storm, Regan has been possessed but no one recognizes her illness for what it really is....

GERRY: have about it in the film is Merrin saying, you got to be careful, don't believe anything he says. The point is, people come out of this film...

CARLA: Afraid of being possessed.

CARLA: Because, you see, in possession, in the Catholic Church, the exorcism (SHOULD) only be done within a church. So that the Devil, when he's released from whoever is possessed, will not be able to go and immediately jump into someone else: because no one else (EXCEPT THE EXORCIST; AND THEREIN LIES THE DANGER TO HIM, AND HIS SOUL) is around. Now, when you're seeing a film like *this* film, the Devil comes out...

GERRY: What?

MICHELE: Can I say a question? In the book they say that when you die and you have the demon trapped inside you, your head is twisted around in back of you. Now, the first death was caused by the demon, the little girl, and his (THE MURDERED MAN, BURKE DENNINGS, CHRIS MacNEIL'S DIRECTOR AND FRIEND) head was turned around.

LEN: I think she turned it around symbolically, y'know, like the Mark of Zorro.
CRIES OF DERISION

MARV:

I'm looking around and everyone's sort of in a different mood and Don's getting sick. I think we are getting slightly off target in many ways. We're arguing whether the film is a good film or a bad film—many other things—but (ALSO) saying that it almost accomplished what it seemed to set out to accomplish. When you go into that film, you come out of it with the impression that you have seen a *film*. You have seen something. You don't just walk out and go skipping along. It is not a trash film; it is a well-produced, incredibly well-acted film.

STEVE:

MARV:

It does something to you, right.

It affects you. *How?* Let's start with Glynis.

HOW INDEED?

SO ENDS PART ONE (1) OF THE EXORCIST TAPES. WE WILL PAUSE FOR AN 18½ MINUTE GAP SO OUR EXPERTS CAN TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT US AND SEE HOW WE'RE RUNNING; AND THEN WE'LL RESUME PART TWO (2)—EVERYBODY GETTING THEIR OWN SOAPBOX AND NO INTERRUPTIONS—NEXT ISSUE, AND MAKE NO MISTAKE, WHAT'S COMING UP IS REALLY HOT STUFF. HELLISH, ONE MIGHT SAY. PITHY. EARTHY.

NOT DULL.

TIL THEN, PILGRIMS, KEEP THE FAITH.



We've just seen the Table of Contents for our Next Issue!

You'll react the same way, I'm sure, when we tell you what *Monsters of the Movies* has in store for you! There are things besides *The Exorcist* that turn your stomach upside down and make you pass out in a delirium of terror, you know. You will read a big feature article on *Frankenstein* (summer-time fun for all those who like pictures of dead bodies holding hands); the second part of Ron Haydock's interview with Karloff on his later movies; *The Animated Monsters* by Don Glut; an interview with Robert Quarry, "Count Yorga" himself; and as space permits, feature stories on the Invisible Man series, British horror star Tod Slaughter, and the monsters lurking in the pages of the Big Little Books of the thirties, which starred Ming the Merciless, Bela Lugosi and Buck Rogers. Writers in coming issues will include Richard O'Brien, Manny Weltman, Eric Hoffman, with more photographs by Don Glut, Lloyd Nesbitt, Dick Andersen, and Al Satian. And a letters page by you! Remember — read *Monsters of the Movies*, the monster magazine that runs more photographs of its editor than any other!



MONSTERS

OF THE MOVIES

ON
SALE
NOW!

DARKNESS: IN THE DARK-
NESS, SOMETHING MOVES...
A LOOSE PEBBLE, TUMBLING
FROM BEFORE A BOOTED
FOOT, THE SOUND OF THIS
LOUD IN THE HEAVY SILENCE...

...YET NOT SO LOUD, PERHAPS,
AS THE HARSH AND EXCITED
BREATHING OF A CERTAIN
SHADOWED WATCHER...

SAGA

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER



IT'S SHE...
THE FOUL WITCH
DARES RETURN!

SHE'LL PAY FOR
HER ARROGANCE IN
COMING HERE--
ZANNARTH WILL
SEE TO THAT.

I'VE WAITED
EONS FOR THIS
MOMENT...AND,
AT LAST...



...THE
MOMENT
IS MINE!



DARKNESS: IN
THE DARKNESS,
SOMETHING MOVES...





ZANNARTH! YOU ALWAYS WERE TOO HEAVY-FOOTED FOR STEALTH.

DO YOU GIVE NOW--OR MUST I FORCE THIS VICTORY?

FORCE IT IF YOU CAN, FEMALE--



ZANNARTH WILL NOT SURRENDER 'TILL DEATH ITSELF TAKES LIFE FROM HIM!

YOU FORGET YOURSELF, ZANNARTH--FOR, EVEN AS YOU MAY TAKE THE SOUL FROM A HAPLESS MORTAL WOMAN--

--I MAY TAKE THE SOUL FROM YOU!



VIXEN! YOU COULD HAVE ENDED MY LIFE FOREVER WITH YOUR SUCUBUS' KISS!

PRECISELY, ZANNARTH...BUT I DID NOT. I HAVE NEED OF YOUR RATHER LIMITED POWERS, FOR I WISH TO RETURN TO MY FATHER'S KINGDOM...AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD STOP ME.

STOP YOU? HA! I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE MORTAL MAN WHO WOULD DARE STAND AGAINST YOU...

SATANA... THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER!



NO **MORTAL**, PERHAPS, BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO WANT ME DEAD...AND THEY HAVE **SUCCEEDED** IN ERECTING A **BARRIER** BETWEEN MY FATHER AND MYSELF.

THAT'S WHY I'VE COME HERE, TO THE **CAVE OF THE SEVEN WINDS** ...TO FIND A ROUTE THAT WILL **BYPASS** THE NORMAL PATH TO HELL...



...A ROUTE I WILL FIND WITH **YOUR HELP**, MY INCUBUS FRIEND.

HAVE I A **CHOICE**, SATANA?

NONE, SO FAR AS I CAN SEE.

THEN YOU'LL **HAVE** MY HELP, KIND FEMALE...FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH TO YOU.

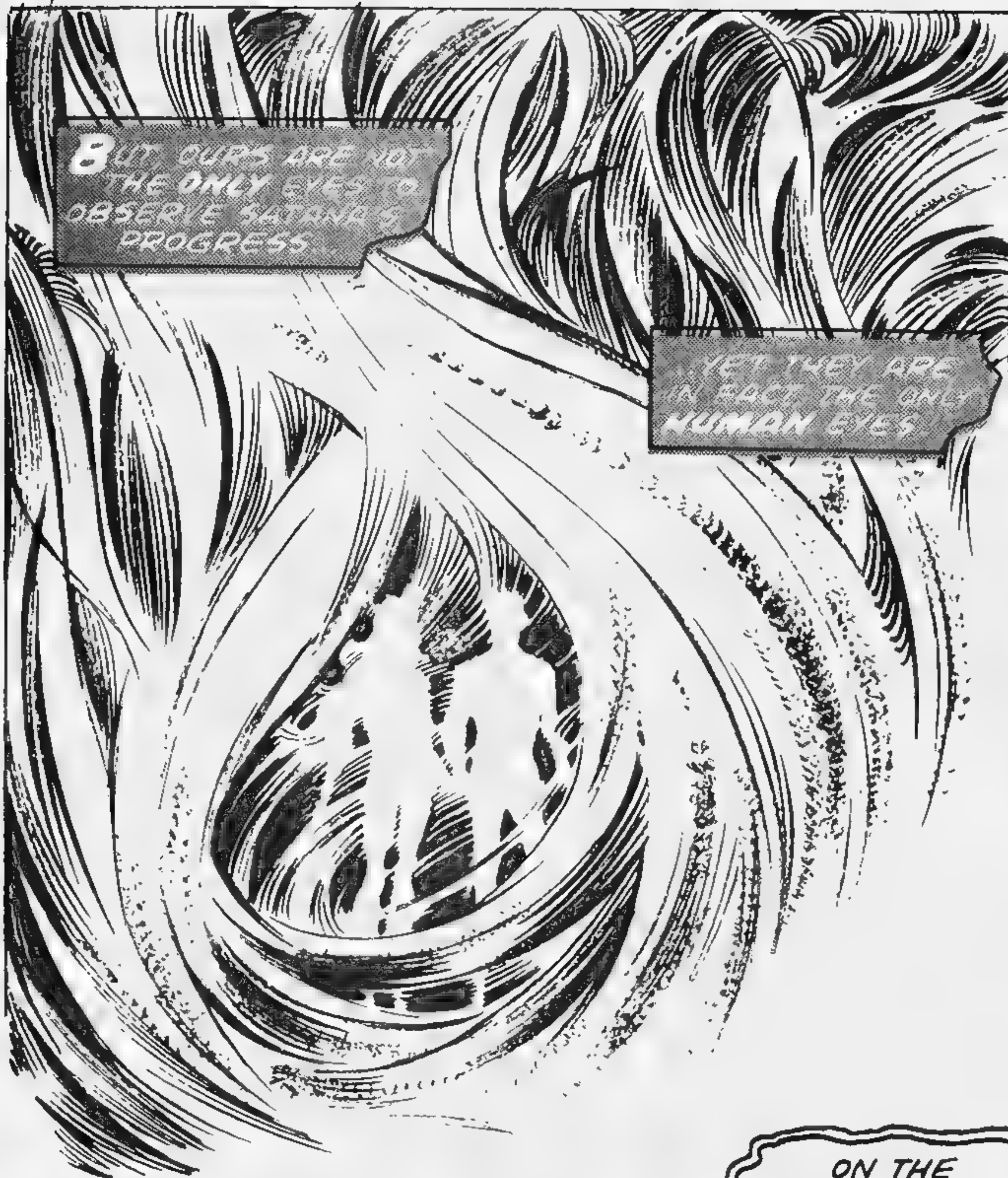


WHY, ZANNARTH ...I **ASSURE** YOU, IT'S WORTH A GREAT **DEAL**.

DARKNESS: AND IN THE DARKNESS, SOMETHING MOVES... AND IS **JOINED** BY A FIGURE OF SHADOW ...AND AT LAST, WITH THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS, OUR STORY **BEGINS:**

GERRY CONWAY/Writer
ROMERO/Artist

BLOODY IS THE PATH TO HELL!



BUT OURS ARE NOT
THE ONLY EYES TO
OBSERVE SATANA'S
PROGRESS.

YET THEY ARE
IN FACT THE ONLY
HUMAN EYES.



SHE COMES, TRACHOS
--AS YOU SAID SHE NEVER
WOULD. IT SEEMS YOU
OVER-ESTIMATED THE
EFFECT OF YOUR SPELL--

SATANA HAS
ALREADY
SHIRKED IT.

AYE, TRACHOS.
WE'RE IN A FINE
MESS NOW, THANKS
TO YOU.

ON THE
CONTRARY...OUR
POSITION IS
ENVIABLE.



BEFORE, WE WERE
FORCED TO FIND MORTAL
SLAVES TO CAST OUR SPELLS,*
FOR WE FOUR ARE FORBIDDEN
TO ENTER THE WORLD OF THE
LIVING--THE WORLD SATANA
HAS CHOSEN AS HER OWN.

NOW,
HOWEVER,
SHE COMES
TO US...

...AND WHILE WE MIGHT
HAVE PREFERRED IT
OTHERWISE, THIS NEW
TURN OF EVENTS IS
HARDLY DISAGREEABLE,
AS IT PUTS HER IN
OUR PALM...

...WHERE
SHE CAN BE
CRUSHED.

SEE SATANA TEXT BOX
EARLIER IN THIS ISSUE.



TRACHOS, WE
WRONGED YOU. I
THINK I SPEAK FOR
ALL OF US WHEN I
SAY YOUR PLAN
MEETS OUR
APPROVAL.

IT NOW ONLY
REMAINS FOR US
TO IMPLEMENT
IT...

A PROCESS
I, AT LEAST,
SHALL SURELY
RELISH.



REALLY, ZANNARTH--I'M ASHAMED OF YOU. A NIGHTBEAST SUCH AS THIS IS NO THREAT TO YOU, AN INCUBUS --OR TO ME, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER.

ARE YOU, FOUL ONE?

WHAT, NO TONGUE TO SPEAK WITH?

THEN PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LISTEN *INSTEAD*, OGRE--



--LISTEN TO SATANA-- AND LOOK DEEP INTO HER WOMAN'S EYES!

TELL ME, MONSTER-- WHAT DO YOU SEE?



DO YOU SEE SATANA--



OR DO YOU SEE YOUR OWN SOUL?



YOUR POWERS FRIGHTEN ME, FEMALE. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU THAT REACHES INTO A MALE'S GUT...AND TEARS HIS HEART FREE.

IS THAT WHY YOU HATE ME, ZANNARTH?

BECAUSE I ONCE DID TO YOU WHAT I'VE DONE TO OUR WOULD-BE ATTACKER?

PERHAPS...



I'D PREFER TO BELIEVE IT BEGAN **BEFORE** THAT. AS THE DAUGHTER OF SATAN, YOU WERE ALWAYS HIS **FAVORITE**...

...AND I, ALWAYS FORCED TO BE YOUR **COMPANION**...YOUR **SLAVE**.

YET, YOU DIDN'T **RESENT** ME THEN, ZANNARTH, NOT AS YOU DO **NOW**.



THAT TIME WHEN WE WERE **CHILDREN**-- WHEN I TRICKED YOU, AND "STOLE" YOUR SOUL AWAY--IT WAS **THEN** YOU BEGAN TO LOATHE ME.

WHY, ZANNARTH? IT WAS ONLY A CHILDISH **STUNT**-- AND YOU TOOK IT SO **SERIOUSLY**.

IT ISN'T AS THOUGH I TREATED YOU AS I'VE TREATED **THAT**-- THAT **THING**... MAKING HIM OUR UNWILLING **GUIDE**.



ISN'T IT, **MISTRESS**?



SATANA HAS NOT THE OPPORTUNITY TO REPLY TO THIS SUBTLE ACCUSATION. FOR, EVEN AS SHE FORMS AN ANSWER, SHE'S THROWN **BACK**...

--AND REALIZES WITH A SHOCK THAT HER CONTROL OF THEIR GUIDE WAS NOT COMPLETE--

--AS HE'S LED THEM DIRECTLY INTO AN **AMBUSH**!



IN A FLASH, SATANA IS **BORNE DOWN**, OVERCOME BY THE FORCE OF THE **DEMON-TEAM** FALLEN UPON HER...

ZANNARTH, HOWEVER, IS A BIT MORE **FORTUNATE**...

SCRACK!

...AND DISPATCHES ONE OF HIS ASSAILANTS BEFORE THE **OTHER** CAN REACT...



WELL.

SHALL WE
GET TO IT,
THEN?



AT THAT SAME INSTANT, IN A PLACE BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, FOUR CREATURES WATCH THE ENSUING BATTLE WITH GROWING ANGER...

TRACHOS, YOU FOOL--YOU TOLD US OUR SERVANTS WOULD DISPATCH SATANA AND HER INCUBUS WITHOUT FAIL.

DO YOU CALL THAT "WITHOUT FAIL"?

PERHAPS WE UNDERESTIMATED THEIR ABILITY, BROTHER RAGA...



WHILE, A COSMOS AWAY...



CORRECTION, TRACHOS.

NOT WE... YOU.

I PROMISE, MY BOVINE FRIEND... IF YOUR PLAN FAILS...



...IT'LL BE YOUR DOOM.



HA! DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE LAST I FOUGHT LIKE THIS? AGES, SATANA...

SIMPLY AGES! WHY, I MUST HAVE BEEN A CHILD WHEN--



A CHILD-- WHEN YOU TRICKED ME.



VIXEN! YOU'VE USED ME AGAIN, HAVEN'T YOU? ONLY THIS TIME, YOU DIDN'T STEAL MY SOUL--

--YOU SIMPLY MADE THE THREAT!

I MUST BE GETTING OLD, SATANA. ONCE, ONLY THE ACTUALITY FRIGHTENED ME. NOW, I'M THREATENED BY THE FEAR ALONE.



NOT OLD, ZANNARTH--MERELY EXPERIENCED.

BUT PLEASE-- DON'T BLAME ME FOR YOUR OWN FREE DECISION, YOU WANTED TO HELP ME, WHETHER YOU ADMIT IT OR NOT.

I WHAT--? I WANTED TO HELP YOU? HOW DO YOU SEE THAT, FEMALE?

BY ONE SIMPLE FACT, ZANNARTH. I AM A SUCCUBUS, AND YOU ARE AN INCUBUS--YET, WHEN I TURNED MY POWER UPON YOU--

INSTEAD, YOU ACQUIESCED... BECAUSE YOU ARE STILL MY FRIEND.

--YOU PLIED NOT YOUR POWER ON ME IN TURN.

BY SATAN-- IT'S TRUE.

YOU KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THE MALE SIDE OF LIFE, DON'T YOU, SATANA?

ODD. I FEEL FREER SOMEHOW, KNOWING IN MY MIND WHAT MY SOUL ALWAYS BELIEVED...



I JUST WISH OUR JOURNEY SO FAR COULD HAVE BEEN MORE FRUITFUL.

OH, IT HAS BEEN, ZANNARTH... AND IT WILL BE.

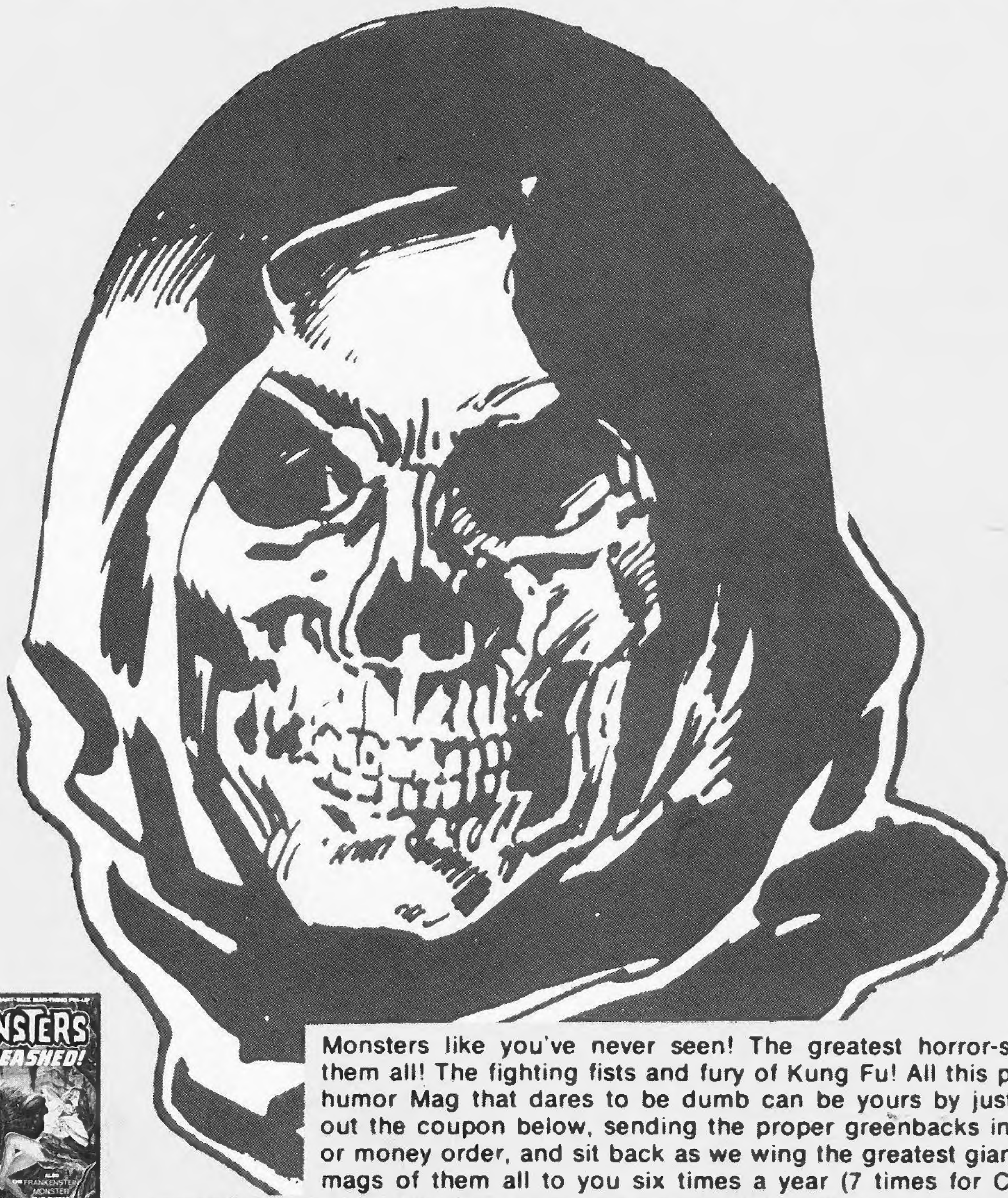
IN MY SOUL, I KNOW WE'VE WON SOMETHING TODAY...

...AND THAT TOMORROW, MY PATH WILL BE EASIER...!

THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T

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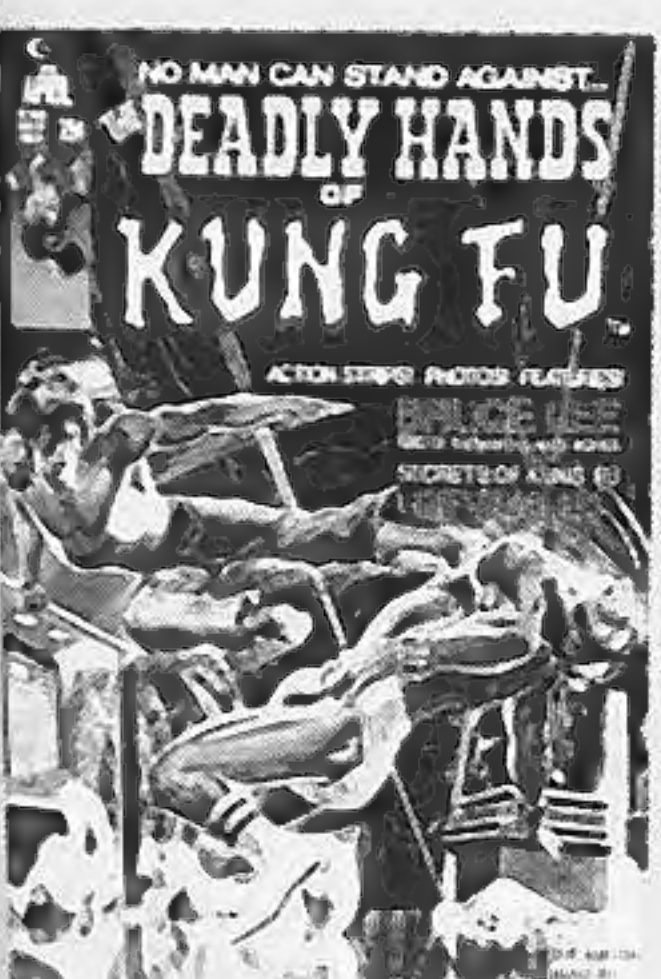
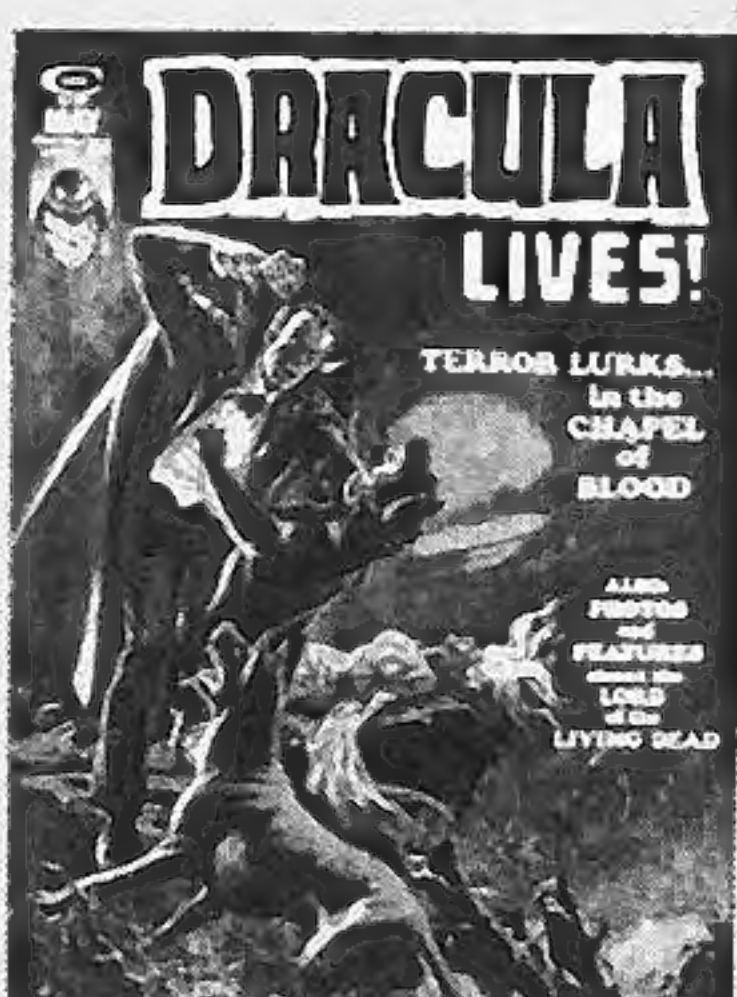
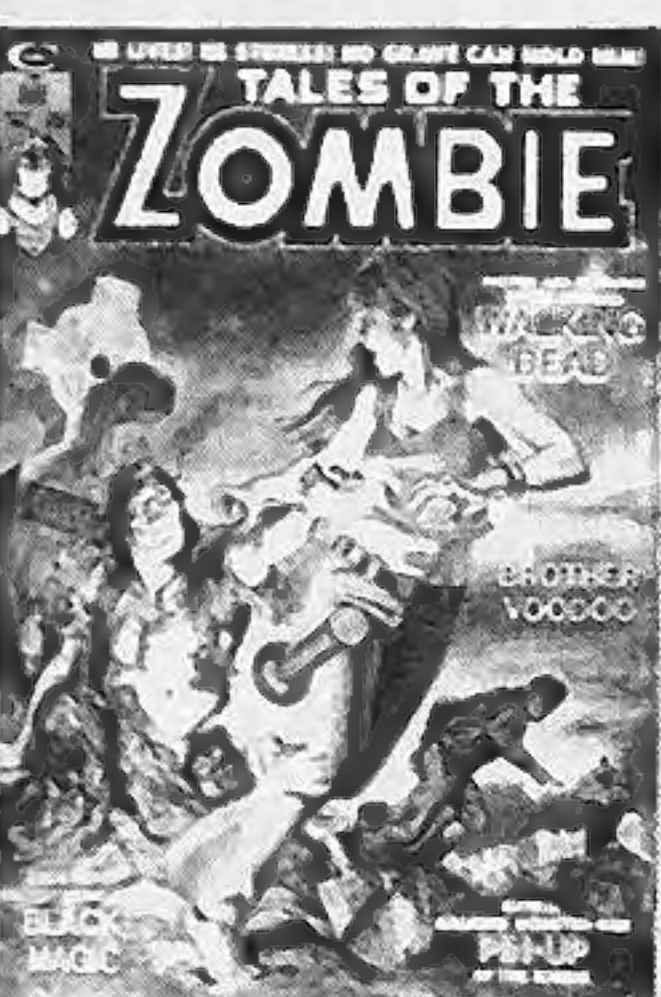
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DRACULA LIVES! (6 issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	5.00	6.00	8.00
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DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU (6 issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	5.00	6.00	8.00
CRAZY (7 issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	3.50	4.00	5.50
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